

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

ALL THE NEWS BY
TELEGRAPH,
PHOTOGRAPH, AND
PARAGRAPH.

No. 184.

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as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

HOW NANSHAN WAS CAPTURED AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.



The Japanese attack on the Russian trenches at Nanshan.—(Drawn for the "Mirror" by Mr. W. Dewar from materials supplied by our artist-correspondent at the front.)

BIRTHS.

MANSFIELD.—On May 28, at Brook Lawn, Southport, Lancashire, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mansfield, of Calcutta—a daughter.

MILL.—On June 2, at Arrowood, Newton-road, Burton-on-Trent, the wife of Leonard Parry Mill, of a son.

MULINDER.—On June 2, at Dulce Domum, New Southgate, the wife of F. Mulinder, of a son.

WRIGHT.—On June 1, at 46, Amburst-park, Stamford-hill, the wife of Victor Joseph Wright, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CHAMBERLEN-SMITH.—On May 26, 1904, at the Rivers-court Wesleyan Church, Hammettsmith, by the Rev. F. M. Parkinson, Ernest Walter, third son of George Chamberlen, of Hammettsmith, to Elizabeth, elder daughter of Walter Joseph Smith, of Hammettsmith.

CLARKE-WEEKS.—On May 21, at St. Mark's Church, New Brighton, Kent, Charles William Augustus Clarke, of New Brighton, to Ellen Elizabeth Pain Weeks, of Hastings.

COOPER-COSTELLO.—On June 1, at Holy Trinity Church, Clapham, by the Rev. C. B. Law, Sidney, second son of the late William Cooper, and of Mrs. Cooper, of Wrotham, Kent, to Florence Annie, only daughter of Mrs. Costello, of 14, Avenue-mansions, Clapham.

THORPE-YOOTH.—On June 2, at Emmanuel Church, Ewell, Surrey, Charles Harold, youngest son of Wm. Thorpe, of Nantstone, Nantstone, and Lizzie, youngest daughter of Henry Thorpe, of Hambleton, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.

DEATH.

CLARKE.—On May 29, at Hastings, of acute meningitis, after 51 days' illness, Ellen Elizabeth Pain, the dearly beloved wife of C. W. Clarke, of New Brighton, aged 35 years.

PERSONAL.

EADIE and Tom call G.P.O. for letter from home.

ANIMALS.—For mother's sake, send news tomorrow.—**ROSE**.

JACK.—Write, mother's sake. Letter from Wedgwood—**BALLY**.

BABY.—GALL—Relieved. Watching and waiting for you—**SAFAN**.

WILLIAM GALLAWAY.—Send address Grace Woodgate, Will explain.

LILL.—Letters received, but not postcards. Send postal address yours possible. Good wishes.—**CROUCH HILL**.

ANNUAL REGISTER.—Wanted, volume of the "Annual Register," State date and price.—No 1361. "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon, E.C.

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AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.
LADY FLIRT.
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOE.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVALS.
TO-NIGHT (Monday) at 8.15, for 5 nights.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
MR. TREE and MISS ELLEN TERRY.
Followed by
THE MAN WHO WAS.
Austin Liminton..... Mr. Tree.

MONDAY NEXT, June 13, for 5 nights.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
Mr. Tree and Miss Viola Tree.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALKER.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY at 3.
MISS ELIZABETH PRISONER.
Preceded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

SHAFTESBURY. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND
SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
Will appear EVERY EVENING at 9, in
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY" (60th time).
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.
At 8.30, "OP O' ME THUMB."
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

THE OXFORD.—VESTA TILLEY, YUKIO
TANI, Clark and Hamilton, Ernest Shand, Vesta
Victoria, Laurie's Juveniles, Joe O'Gorman, Nelson's News-
boy, Geo. Brooks, and other stars. Open 7.30. Box-office
open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager,
MR. ALBERT GILMER.

Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 10s. 6d.
ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
From 12 noon till 11.30 p.m.
ITALIAN COMMERCIAL EXHIBITS.
FINE ART SECTION.
INDUSTRIAL WORKING EXHIBITS.
ITALIAN VILLAGE.

GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERTS DAILY.
Band of the Grenadier Guards, etc.
In the EMPRESS HALL, the Gigantic Representation of
VENICE BY NIGHT.

VENICE BY NIGHT.
Open all day, admission 6d., after 7 p.m. 1s.
Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafés, Public Buildings, Gondolas
and all the Esquisite Features of the
Queen City of the Adriatic.

VENETIAN SERENADE TROUPE.
MASANELLO NEAPOLITAN TROUPE.
A Continous Feast of Music, Beauty, and Movement.
SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES.
THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

THE BLUE GIGANT OF CAPRI, ST. PETER'S, ROME.
"LA SCALA" THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
At 3 p.m., 7, and 9.30 p.m.
THE DUC D'ABRUZZI NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.
Roman Forum, Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains,
Vespers, Music, Grotto, and a thousand other attractions.
ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

"SALVATOR."
Representing Christ protecting the woman taken in
adultery.
By HERMAN SALOMAN, painter of the Mysterious Pic-
ture.
HANOVER GALLERY, 47, New Bond-street, W. Daily
10 to 6 p.m.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:
North-easterly breezes; fine, sunny, and very
warm generally; thunder threatening at night.
Lighting-up time: 9.14.
Sea passages will be smooth on all our
coasts.

THE WAR.

Admiral Togo reports that during Saturday great
explosions were heard, and rising of dense smoke
was observed in the direction of Port Arthur. The
explanation may be that the Russians are again
attempting to clear the entrance to the harbour.—
(Page 3.)

General Kuroki is said to have an army of
150,000 men at his disposal, and the report is per-
sisted in that the Russians are not to abandon Port
Arthur. An army of 40,000 men is to be dis-
patched, according to a Paris telegram, to split up
the Japanese forces in the Liao-tung Peninsula.—
(Page 3.)

GENERAL.

Lady Audrey Buller, who with Sir Redvers
attended the Royal Military Tournament, was
seized with sudden illness just before the per-
formance closed. The principal medical officer
found her ladyship had broken a blood-vessel. She
was yesterday reported to be making favourable
progress.—(Page 4.)

At St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, a
memorial tablet to the members of the H.A.C. who
died in action or of disease during the South
African War was unveiled by Major-General W.
H. Mackinnon.—(Page 12.)

While motoring from Eton to Woking, Captain
Gossett and Lieut. Pierce, of the Royal Berkshire
Regiment, were thrown over a hedge into a ditch
at the King's Home Farm. Both were rather
badly hurt. The accident was due to the wheels
of the car skidding.—(Page 4.)

Three youths were drowned while bathing in the
river near Lancaster on Saturday. The spot at
which they entered the water was dangerous, and
all three had been warned of the risks they were
running.—(Page 4.)

Soon after the Alake of Abeokuta had left his
hotel for a drive on Saturday the horses in the
landau bolted, and eventually dashed into a mil-
liner's shop in Victoria-street. The Alake went
through his exciting trip with the utmost com-
posure, and was uninjured.—(Page 4.)

London is shortly to have a service of motor-
cabs driven by members of the Cabmen's Union.
The latter are to undergo a special course of in-
struction at the hands of a competent chauffeur in
a school started with this object. There is as yet
no sign of the general dispute between masters and
drivers being settled.—(Page 12.)

LAW AND CRIME.

Two arrests have been made by the police in
connection with the "Little Italy" murder. The
men, who are said to answer the description of
those "wanted," will be charged to-day.—(Page 3.)

Mr. George Marshall, ex-solicitor to the Duke of
Newcastle, who is charged with having misappropri-
ated money, was on Saturday sent for trial by the
Duke, who detailed transactions which he had
entrusted to the accused.—(Page 5.)

Captain A. H. Waring, of the Army Medical
Service Corps, on Saturday obtained a divorce
from his wife, who had admitted misconduct, and
—it was said—had begged him to take pro-
ceedings, in order that she might take up her
residence with the co-respondent.—(Page 5.)

The sensational trial for the murder of Eugénie
Fougère concluded at Chambers last evening, all
three accused being convicted.—(Page 4.)

SPORT.

Middlesex obtained a brilliant victory over York-
shire by 77 runs. Essex were beaten by Leicester-
shire, Somerset gained their first win of the season,
at the expense of Gloucester, and Notts defeated
Sussex.—(Page 15.)

Messrs. Edge and Jarrold left London yesterday
for Homburg with the cars which they are to drive
in the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup on June
17.—(Page 3.)

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

AT THE TOP. BEECHAM'S PILLS

are right at the top.
They are at the top in
point of sales—at the top
in point of merit—and at the
top in the estimation of tens
of thousands of regular users.
And not without good reason.
BEECHAM'S PILLS will do
more to build up robust health and
maintain it than any other medicine. They
have done this, and are continually doing
it for thousands all over the world. If you
start now and take **BEECHAM'S PILLS**
occasionally you will certainly benefit to a
remarkable degree.
You will soon be "at the top" in point of health
and so really enjoy life. Now follow this advice! Will
you?
BEECHAM'S PILLS are sold everywhere in boxes, 1s. 1½d. (56
Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills), each with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, **THOMAS BEECHAM**, St. Helens, Lancashire.

MAKES the SKIN
as **SOFT** as
VELVET.

BEETHAM'S
"Farold"

Will
entirely
remove all
ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION, TAN, &c.,
in a very short time.
DELIGHTFULLY COOLING, and REFRESHING,
after Cycling, Tennis, Motoring, &c.

Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists
and Stores, or Post Free from the Makers—
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham.

THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER THAT LEADS EVERY- WHERE WITH NEWS

UP TO THE MOMENT IS,
OF COURSE, THE
LONDON

EVENING NEWS.

A HA'PENNY
EVERYWHERE.

A GOOD CYCLE

at a **FAIR** price is cheaper than a poor cycle at
ANY price. Buy a cycle with a reputation and
AVOID RISKS.

Centaur, Swifts,
"Governey Challenge"
Humber, "Rovers"
Premiers, Singers,
"Triumphs," &c.

A High-Grade
Governey Cycle on
Approval.
Two Years
Guarantee. **£6**
WRITE FOR LISTS.

EASY PAYMENTS from **£1** MONTHLY.
EDWARD O'BRIEN (LTD.), Dept. D6.
The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within E.C. 2. LONDON.
and 38, Bedford-street, Charing Cross, W.C. 1. LONDON.
Assets, £397,780. Liabilities, £265,660. Surplus,
£132,120. 2½ per cent. allowed on current account
balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received on order.
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
The terminable deposit branch may nearly show 100 per cent.
and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. WALL, Joint Managers.

BORWICK'S THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD.

FREE Sample Record.

POSITIVELY
NO CHARGE.

Have you a Zonophone, a
Disc Graphophone, or a

GRAMOPHONE?

To introduce the
Best of all Records

THE NICOLE FLAT RECORDS.

Which are Indestructible, and cost only
Half as much as others, Seven Inch, 1/-,
Ten Inch 2/6, **WE WILL SEND** to any
address in the United Kingdom, on receipt
of two Penny Stamps for postage, **FREE**
SAMPLE RECORD. Test the Nicols
Record for Nothing. It is the Best Record
in Existence. We will send a list at the
same time of the Records in our RECORD
LENDING LIBRARY.

THE SAXON FLAT DISC RECORD LIBRARY,
84, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

EXPLOSIONS AT PORT ARTHUR.

Mysterious Sounds and
Dense Smoke at the
Besieged Fortress.

RELIEF MEASURES.

Forty Thousand Russians to Split
the Japanese Forces.

'Admiral Togo reports that during Saturday great explosions were heard, and rising of dense smoke observed in the direction of Port Arthur. This may mean that the Russians are making further attempts to clear the entrance to the harbour or are blasting to erect new batteries.

Despite the failure of three attempts last Monday by Russian forces near Pulantien (Port Adams) to relieve Port Arthur, reports are still circulated that the beleaguered fortress is not to be abandoned. An army of 40,000 is to be dispatched, says a Paris telegram, with the object of endeavouring to split the Japanese forces in the Liao-tung Peninsula.

To show the peril attending such an undertaking, it is asserted that General Kuroki now has an army of 150,000 men at his disposal, and that his line of communications extends from Nankwanling, south of Kinchow, in the Liao-tung Peninsula by the coast to the General's headquarters at Feng-huang-cheng.

Beyond a slight engagement near Sai-ma-tsi, in which the Russians claim the advantage, there is no news of any important development in the war zone.

PORT ARTHUR.

Admiral Togo Reports Mysterious
Sights and Sounds.

The following telegram has been received by the Japanese Legation:—

"Admiral Togo reports: 'According to a wireless telegram from the captain of the Chitose, cruising off Port Arthur, four masts, with wireless telegraphic instruments on one of them, and a sentry-box were seen on the top of Laotichan.'"

"Great explosions were heard, and rising of dense smoke was observed in the direction of Port Arthur repeatedly during Saturday."

TOKIO, Sunday.

The "Chitose" reports having heard a series of explosions at Port Arthur, which seemed to indicate blasting operations for new batteries.—*Reuter's Special Service.*

PIGEONS FROM PORT ARTHUR.

NEWCHWANG, Saturday.

Two carrier-pigeons from Port Arthur, with dispatches from General Stoessel, reached here at noon yesterday.

The Russians decline to divulge the contents of the messages brought by the birds, but they declare the information is favourable, and have been correspondingly cheerful since the arrival of the pigeons.

RUSSIAN JOURNALISM.

Terms of Peace To Be Dictated at
Tokio.

The Russians are printing a newspaper in Chinese at Mukden for the purpose of influencing the natives. The latest copy of this journal received in Newchwang says that Russia will soon dictate terms of peace at Tokio, and that the leading Japanese statesmen will then be reduced to the status of rickshaw coolies.—*Reuter's Special Service.*

TO SPLIT THE JAPANESE ARMIES.

Reports from Paris confirm the statement that the Russian Council of War has ordered the dispatch of an army to the relief of Port Arthur. It is added that 40,000 troops will be dispatched from Wu-lang-tien southwards and attempt to split the Japanese forces before Pitsewo.

RELIEF FORCES ROUTED.

It appears that there were three successive engagements between Russian and Japanese forces

near Pulantien (Port Adams) last Monday, and in each case the Russians were driven back to the north.

ANOTHER FRENCH RUMOUR.

PARIS, Saturday Night.
A telegram from St. Petersburg states that a vague rumour is in circulation there that General Kuroki has been made prisoner.

No details are given, and there is absolutely no confirmation of the report, to which little importance is attached.—*Reuter.*

"BOBS" OF JAPAN.

It is announced that the famous Field-Marshal Marquis Yamagata, known as the "Bobs" of Japan, is to leave at once for the Liao-tung Peninsula, where he will assume supreme command in the final attack on Port Arthur, provided it has not been captured before his arrival.

PORT ARTHUR HIS TOMB.

Writing a month ago to a friend in St. Petersburg, General Stoessel said: "I do not know if we shall ever see each other again. My own decision, orders or no orders, is, however, made. My life is given to Russia. Whatever happens, I do not surrender. Port Arthur shall be my tomb."

REPORTED RUSSIAN SUCCESS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday Night.

A telegram of yesterday's date from Lieutenant-General Sakharoff to the General Staff says:—

On May 31 the Transbaikalian Cossacks had an encounter with Japanese troops in the Fenschoulin Pass, half-way between Tsiantchan and Sai-ma-tsi.

The Japanese had occupied a strong position on some heights, and the Cossacks forming front quickly, under a heavy fire, attacked the enemy and forced them to evacuate the position.

The Russian losses amounted to six Cossacks killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Zabolotkin, a surgeon, and twenty-two Cossacks wounded.—*Reuter.*

In another message from St. Petersburg, General Sakharoff is said to have telegraphed that the Russians encountered a Japanese brigade at Validits, south of Liao-yang, in which the Russians were victorious after three hours' fighting.

This probably refers to the affair in the Fenschoulin Pass.

COSSACKS AMBUSHED.

SEOUT, Saturday.

Yesterday morning a skirmish between a party of twenty Russians and a force of Japanese scouts, whose strength is not stated, occurred twelve miles to the north of Gensan.

The Cossacks were evidently ambushed by the Japanese, who were concealed in some brushwood on a hillside.

The Russians, who left six dead behind them, retired towards Hamhung. It is stated that the Japanese had some casualties.—*Reuter's Special.*

From Gensan it is reported that 300 Russians have arrived at Hamhung, and 300 more, says *Reuter*, are moving on Ping-yang from the east coast.

It is reported that a junk has landed field pieces near Hamhung, and the Commissioner of Customs at Gensan believes that a Russian attack is imminent. He is preparing to send the women and children to a mountain monastery twenty miles distant.

M. Bompard, French Ambassador to Russia, has left St. Petersburg on short leave of absence.

A special King's messenger, with Foreign Office dispatches from St. Petersburg, arrived at Dover on Saturday.

Forty-one Russian soldiers at Poltana and Kremenetschag have been shot, after court-martial, for refusing to fight in Manchuria.

Manchurian brigands, awaiting opportunity for looting at Newchwang, are becoming bolder. They are said to have obtained 1,000 Mannlicher rifles.

In commanding a change of Russian uniform from white to grey, General Kuropatkin significantly remarks that he does so "with the consent of the Viceroy of the Far East."

Princes Chang-chunoyin and Tsang-tsu-cheng, of the Chinese Imperial Family, arrived at Marseilles on Saturday and left for London. Their Imperial Highnesses are charged with a mission to the British Court.

It is stated that the Japanese, suspecting the Roman Catholic missionaries in Korea of being Russian spies, have arrested several and severely sentenced them. The Pope has conferred with Cardinal Merry del Val as to the best way of protecting their missionaries.

TWO GUNS CAPTURED IN TIBET.

The Secretary of State for India has received from the Viceroy the following telegram, dated Simla, June 4:—

Half-hearted night attacks on Gyantse, of May 30, easily repulsed. Our casualties were nil. Communications clear. "Two companies of the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers have arrived at Chumbi. Two four-pounder guns were captured at Palla."

The members of Halifax Town Council have decided that, as there are so many persons out of work in the town, no corporation employment shall be found for pensioned police officers.

"LITTLE ITALY" ARRESTS.

Two Men in Custody in Con-
nection with Amata's
Murder.

Two men have been arrested in connection with the murder of Paulino Amata, the Italian, who was done to death in a street in Clerkenwell on the night of May 15.

Descriptions of two men upon whom suspicion had fallen had been circulated, together with their photographs, all over Europe. Their names were given as Giuseppe Iovino and Andrea Peretta, and these are the two men who have now been taken into custody.

Since the crime occurred, Detective-sergeants Baxter, Wyman, and Hayman, of Gray's Inn-road Police Station, had been unremitting in their efforts to discover these suspected men, and early yesterday morning they were successful in their search.

At the inquest on Amata it was strongly hinted by some of the witnesses that the crime was attributable to a vendetta. Amata met his death while walking along the street late at night. Suddenly several revolver shots were fired at him, and afterwards he was stabbed with a knife.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

London Lady Drowned at the
Foot of Seaford Cliffs.

Mrs. Eliza Baldwin, of Montpelier Villa, Hampton Hill, has met with a pathetic death at Seaford, the quiet seaside resort nestling under the shadow of Beachy Head, near Newhaven.

She was recovering from illness and was a patient of Seaford Seaside Convalescent Home.

Here she had so far recovered that she was able to accomplish quite long rambles and looked forward to an early return home.

She was walking with two other lady patients, Mrs. Tear and Miss Leach, towards Hope Gap, and unfortunately discovered a notice board stating that their route was dangerous.

After proceeding some distance under the frowning cliffs they were caught by the rising tide and cliff from returning and unable to proceed.

The three ladies speedily realised their perilous position, and sought a precarious refuge on some fallen cliff, which promised a slight hope of safety. The sea, however, continually washed them off their feet, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, after a terrible battle with the rising waters, that Mrs. Tear and Miss Leach reached their friendly point of shelter.

Mrs. Baldwin, caught by a heavy wave, was thrown down, and failing to regain her footing was carried out to sea by the undertow and drowned.

Mrs. Tear and Miss Leach had to cling to the cliff on their heads of which before they could be rescued when the tide fell.

This part of the coast is exceedingly dangerous, and yearly claims a lengthy toll of human lives.

GENIUS WITH A HOOP.

Little Franz von Veczey at Play in
Trafalgar-square.

Few people in the crowds that hurried across Trafalgar-square on Saturday afternoon cast a glance at a small boy in a sailor suit who was serenely bowling a large hoop past the National Gallery.

Yet the hand that grasped the hoop-stick was the hand that has charmed audiences in three capitals, for the boy was Franz von Veczey, the marvellously gifted violinist.

At a little distance behind was the boy's father. While a *Mirror* representative was conversing for a few minutes with Herr Veczey, Franz stood by, evidently bored. He wanted to run across the road to look at the footprints. The *Mirror* man asked him how he liked London. "Oh, schön," was the animated reply, "wunderschön."

Franz's opinion of London audiences was that they were "wunderschön"—which would seem to be the extent of the little one's German.

Saying "Good-bye," Franz extended three rather grimy fingers—the other two were clasping the precious hoopstick—to the *Mirror* man, and with a brief "Adieu" in an instant was trotting after his hoop.

STEAMSHIP PASSENGERS' PERIL.

The passenger steamer Osprey, from Edinburgh to London, collided with the collier St. Dunstan off the Norfolk coast yesterday afternoon.

The Osprey was badly damaged, and began quickly to fill with water. Captain French made at full speed for the shore, and the boats were got out and lowered. The Osprey, however, was safely beached half a mile from shore, and the passengers were taken off by the lifeboat.

MEMORY A BLANK.

London Men Lost To Themselves
and Their Friends.

With the beginning of the present summer there are signs of a revival of the loss of memory epidemic which prevailed in London last year. Two gentlemen, well-known in their respective lines of life, have disappeared from their friends.

Mr. Charles Probert, of Islington, is one of these. His disappearance dates from May 24; the other is Mr. William Melhuish, son of the head of the firm of Melhuish, Sons, and Co., of Fetter-lane, E.C., who is missing since May 30.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the mental specialist, stated to a *Mirror* representative that he believed such instances of loss of memory were due to incipient insanity, while another famous physician attributed them to the rush and worry of modern life, which causes a nervous strain beyond the power of the brain to support.

Live Without Memory.

One of the greatest mysteries of the disappearance cases which are not due to death is that the unhappy victims, although penniless and friendless, are yet able to live through weeks, and sometimes months, of loss of identity.

It is this fact which leads the relatives and friends of both Mr. Melhuish and Mr. Probert to hope that they may yet turn up alive, even though they may have suffered during their lapse of memory.

Although Mr. Charles Probert was known in two capacities—as a solicitor's clerk in the City and, to a large section of the public, under the name of Charles Conway as an entertainer and character actor—yet no trace of him can be found either by his relatives or by the police.

He had frequently given entertainments at Maskelyne and Cook's, and his address for vacant dates, mother, etc., was at the Egyptian Hall.

His mother, who is a widow, was interviewed by a *Mirror* representative on Saturday. The missing man is her only son, and he had always lived quietly and on excellent terms with her in their North London home.

"I cannot understand it," she said. "My son was never away even for a day before without letting me know. Something mysterious must have happened to him. I know he had suffered from pains in his head for some considerable time before he disappeared. He had very little money with him when I last saw him."

A photograph of Mr. Probert was published in the *Mirror* of June 2.

A Strange Coincidence.

Strange to say, Mrs. Probert's family is acquainted with members of the Melhuish family, to which the second missing man belongs. Mr. William Melhuish left London about three weeks ago for his sister's place at Saltsch to recuperate. On May 30 he left Saltsch, intending to go to Plymouth. He was seen the same day at Devonport, and since then he has vanished.

He is described as twenty-nine years of age, well-built and smart-looking. His complexion is fair, hair brown, moustache golden, height 5ft. 6in. When he left Saltsch he was wearing a dark grey suit, a light cap, and thick walking boots.

FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

An Indignant Congregation Severely
Handles "Wyckliffe Preachers."

An extraordinary scene was witnessed during Divine Service at St. Margaret's Church, Burton-on-Trent, yesterday morning.

Four of the "Wyckliffe Preachers," who have been holding open-air services in the town, occupied seats near the front of the building, and during the celebration of the Holy Communion—at which the vicar, the Rev. J. J. G. Stockley, was the celebrant—they rose and ostentatiously prepared to leave as a protest at the ceremonial observed.

Before they left the church a scuffle took place, one of the "Wyckliffe Preachers" being struck in the face by an indignant member of the congregation. Several ladies were so upset by the unseemly disturbance that they fainted.

THE MOTOR DERBY.

Mr. S. F. Edge, looking very workmanlike in a Norfolk suit, left Liverpool Street Station at 4.15 p.m. yesterday for Harwich, en route to Hom-burg, via Rotterdam.

In the same train went the racing car which Mr. Edge will drive over to the *Taunus Course* in the Gordon-Bennett race on June 17.

Mr. Edge was accompanied by Mr. A. E. MacDonald, who will act as his engineer during the International race, and both gentlemen, in conversation with a *Mirror* representative, expressed great confidence in their prospects of again bringing the coveted cup to England.

Mr. Charles Jarrott, with his Wolseley car, also left for Germany, as did some forty or fifty assistants, whose duty it will be to look after the supply of petrol, lubricating oil, and tyres required by the racers on the eventful day.

PASSIONATE CRIMINALS.

Terrible Revilings at the Trial of La Fougère's Murderers.

"YOU LIED TO ME."

The most sensational French murder trial of recent years came to an end at Chambéry late last night, when sentences were passed on the prisoners convicted of complicity in the murder of the well-known Parisian beauty, Eugénie Fougère, and her servant, Lucie Maire, at Aix-les-Bains, in September last.

The greatest excitement was displayed in Paris when it was known that Giriat, who acted as maid and companion to La Fougère, had received a sentence of fifteen years; her lover, Bassot, ten years; and the half-witted naves, Robardet, who was receiver of the stolen goods, three months.

How the Crime was Accomplished.

The circumstances of the murder were as follows. La Fougère, a Paris beauty no longer young, was found strangled on her bed in a lonely villa at Aix. Her servant had also been murdered in the same way, while Victorine Giriat had been bound and gagged, and was discovered in a half-dead condition. Valuable jewels Fougère was known to possess had been stolen.

Police investigations into the matter were made easy by the suicide of a man named Lademmann, who was the actual murderer. He left a confession, which implicated Giriat and Bassot. These two, with the booted Robardet, who sold a diamond worth 3,000 francs for 6 francs 75 centimes, were the central figures in a trial which lasted for many days.

Bassot was a singularly handsome man, who incited his mistress to the crime by affecting indifference. Giriat is described as extremely ugly, though the intense feelings displayed on her features during the trial made her interesting.

Selecting the Victim.

In her story Bassot figured as the planner of the crime, Lademmann its executant, and the woman an unwilling tool.

"Have you no rich girl friends we can do for?"

her lover asked Giriat once.

Later, when her acquaintance with Fougère had been made, he wrote, "We must do for Fougère." "I will send you a sure man who will do it," he wrote in another letter. Then came Lademmann to the lonely villa at Aix, and was admitted by Giriat. Later in the evening her mistress came home and retired, and both mistress and maid fell asleep.

"I was awakened suddenly," continued Giriat in her narration. "The man opened my door and blew out my light."

"Quick," he said.

"What of the servant?" he asked.

"Done for," he answered.

"And Fougère?" Without replying directly he covered my mouth with his hands, saying, 'Come, be a brave woman.' Then I lost consciousness."

Extraordinary Scene.

Bassot declared himself an innocent man. The guilty parties had used his name to design some other person, who was escaping cost free. He admitted his intimacy with Giriat, but explained that it was only a passing amusement. She was so ugly!

"Then you lied to me," screamed the woman in court, raging with jealousy.

"You are the liar," retorted the man. "You put on me a part that another man has played, because you wish to save him. You liar!"

The scene that followed baffles description. Both accused screamed and shouted in the dock, lavishing gutter epithets upon one another.

One result of their quarrel was the disclosure of much valuable evidence.

"You told me," cried Giriat, "that you had a good 'fence,' only he was in prison."

"If my fence was in prison," answered Bassot, "surely I would have got another."

Then, seeing the impudence of this retort, he added quickly, "if I had been capable of such an action."

With no one to dispose of the jewels, and no money, he had recourse to the simpleton Robardet. His story goes that he found the jewels in a thick, where Lademmann must have thrown them.

LA TORTAJADA IN LONDON.

La Tortajada, the famous Spanish danseuse, is in London again, thus effectually disproving the report circulated a few months back of her sudden death. The danseuse arrived from the Continent on Saturday, accompanied by her husband, mother, sister, and little boy.

Yesterday the glorious weather tempted her to Kew. She is long in coming as captivating as ever, as the public will see for themselves at the Palace this evening, when the dancer commences a six weeks' engagement.

"LIGHTS THAT FAILED."

"C.B." Keeps His Torch-bearers Waiting at the Palace.

An ordeal by fire had been prepared for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as a fitting conclusion to the Cobden celebration at Alexandra Palace last Saturday.

It was a good idea, and a simple one. A long lane of torch-bearing stewards was to be formed, down which the speakers of the evening were to march in triumphal procession to Wood Green Station.

The stewards were there, and the torches duly lit. They flared bravely, emitting volumes of black smoke, and a stench as of many motor-cars. But no procession came.

Soon the stewards began to get black in the face, not from anxiety, but with the genuine richness of the smoke. Torches burned down and fingers were scorched, but still there was no procession.

Then a steward cast down his torch, murmuring the well-known lines:

"While the torch holds out to burn

The vilest sinner may return,"

or words to that effect.

Later on "C.B." made his way through the darkness—and over the quenched torches—to the station, surrounded by an enthusiastic bodyguard and a cheering crowd.

The torchlight failure was the only untoward incident in a day marked by orderly hilarity and sober jubilation.

ETON BOY AS CABMAN.

Drives Fourth of June Guests to the Playing Fields.

Fourth of June at Eton brought down, as usual, a large number of guests to celebrate the birthday of George the Third.

There was the customary cricket match in the afternoon and the procession of boats in the evening.

At the lunch given by Dr. E. Hornby, the headmaster, Lord Curzon was the guest of the day, and in his speech said that four Viceroys of India and three Prime Ministers in succession had been old Etonians.

Boy's Frolic.

For a wager an Eton boy on Saturday hired a cab, dressed himself in an old top-hat and a shabby coat, stuck on his upper lip a false moustache, and plied for hire at Windsor Railway Station.

He drove several fashionable guests to the historic playing-fields, including one or two pretty young ladies, who were unaware that the son of noble parents was their Jehu. A policeman, however, noticed that cabbie had on immaculate trousers, which did not correspond with the rest of his attire, and stopped the cab.

The driver could not produce his licence, and said he did not want one, as he was ordered, and was not plying for hire.

The policeman saw through the disguise, and threatened the boy with dire penalties, but the plying his horse up, cabbie disappeared in the maze of traffic and was not seen on the box again.

He has Honourable attached to his name, and is said to be a wet-bob. In the evening he rowed in spick-and-span new costume in the procession of boats, and partook of the King's hospitality in the grounds of Windsor Castle.

LADY BULLER

Breaks a Blood-vessel While Watching the Military Tournament.

Lady Audrey Buller, wife of General Buller, was taken suddenly ill at the Royal Military Tournament on Saturday afternoon.

The display was at once brought to an abrupt conclusion, and the party of sailors who had assembled to give the gallant General a hearty send-off were doomed to disappointment.

General Sir Redvers Buller and Lady Buller occupied the royal box on Saturday, with the Earl of Pembroke and Count de Laing, the Belgian Ambassador. It was while the concluding item of the afternoon programme—the display of all arms—was in progress that Lady Buller suddenly fell fainting fit, in what was for the moment thought to be a fainting fit.

Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Crooke-Lawless, Coldstream Guards, who is acting as principal medical officer at the Tournament, was at once called, and her ladyship was removed to a private apartment.

An anxious time was spent by the doctor with Lady Buller, who, it was soon found, had broken a blood vessel, but in the course of about three hours her ladyship had sufficiently recovered to be removed to her residence.

A *Mirror* representative was informed last night at 26, Chesham-place, that Lady Buller had spent a comfortable day, and that she was progressing favourably.

BOY BATHERS DROWNED.

Three Lancaster Lads Lose Their Lives.

A distressing bathing fatality, involving the loss of three lives, occurred on the river Lune at Aldcliffe Marsh, two miles south of Lancaster, on Saturday afternoon.

Four young men, all employed at some Lancaster printing works, named Albert Watson, William Proctor, Frederick Shepherd, and William Benson, were, in spite of warnings, bathing at a dangerous place at high water.

Shepherd, the tallest lad, got out of his depth, and dragged down Watson, who went to his assistance. Proctor, who alone could swim, endeavoured to save his friends, but he, too, was drowned.

A gallant attempt at rescue was made by a man named Howson, who repeatedly dived from a boat.

At the fall of the tide the three bodies were recovered, Watson and Shepherd clutching each other's arms.

ALAKE'S EXCITING RIDE.

His Horses Dash Into a Milliner's Shop in Victoria-street.

The Alake of Abeokuta had an exciting adventure on Saturday afternoon, caused by the horses in his landau bolting and crashing into a milliner's window.

The incident would have unnerved most men. But not so the Alake. He sat through his exciting trip with the utmost composure, apparently more amused than alarmed.

Soon after leaving the Westminster Palace Hotel, the horses attached to his Majesty's landau bolted at the sight of a traction engine, and dashed off at a breakneck speed towards Victoria Station.

His Majesty's Coolness.

With the Alake were Sir William MacGregor and two attendants, and although the carriage was travelling at a terrific speed, neither the Alake nor those with him made any attempt to leave the vehicle.

The street was crowded at the time with 'buses and other vehicles, and there was the greatest excitement as the Alake's horses careered madly along.

Only the Alake remained cool, while eye-witnesses grew excited in expectation of disaster.

There was a perilous moment when the horses neared the corner of Vauxhall Bridge-road.

The coachman, who showed great presence of mind, turned his horses towards the Bridge-road, but the policeman regulating the traffic headed him off.

Promptly pulling his horses to the other side of the road, the coachman endeavoured to avert a smash, but, owing to the speed the horses had got up, it was too late, and the animals crashed into the plate-glass window of Miss Alice Fokes, milliner, 177, Victoria-street.

The pole of the landau was splintered, and the window was shattered.

Returned in a Four-wheeler.

When the crash came and the landau was brought to a sudden standstill the dusky ruler of a warlike people calmly stepped out on to the pavement. In a few moments a four-wheeler was requisitioned, in which the King and his friends drove back to his hotel.

Upon inquiry yesterday a *Mirror* representative was informed that the Alake was no worse for his perilous trip, but it was admitted that he had had a narrow escape.

During this week the Alake will visit Grimsby to see some travel-fishing, and later he will visit several Lancashire cotton mills.

OVER THE KING'S HEDGE.

Two Officers Thrown Out of a Motor- Car at Windsor.

As Captain Gossett and Lieutenant Pierce, of the Forty-ninth Royal Berkshire Regiment, were proceeding from Eton to Woking on Saturday night shortly after ten o'clock, in a motor-car, the wheels skidded on the wet surface of Old Windsor-road, which had been freshly watered.

The officers were thrown over a hedge into a ditch at the King's Home Farm.

Captain Gossett sustained a smashed elbow, and Lieutenant Pierce was badly cut about the face. The officers were conveyed to Princess Christian's new surgical home in Windsor, where they are going on favourably.

STARVATION AND DESPAIR.

But a few days ago the wife of James Thwain, a labourer of Pendine, near Narberth, died, and it appeared that starvation had caused her death.

His health was bad, and he had broken his arm, and been ordered to pay 4s. a week towards the maintenance of his motherless children at the Narberth Workhouse.

POSING FOR THE POOR.

Society Tableaux Vivants for an East End Parish.

A SUNDAY REHEARSAL.

After the Abbey service yesterday morning the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, attracted a hundred or more members of the upper ten thousand to watch the dress rehearsals of the tableaux vivants which are to be given to-night in aid of the East End parish of Bromley-by-Bow.

The programme includes many names of the oldest families in England, and Lady Henry Somerset is responsible for the excellent arrangements that must make to-day's spectacle one of the attractions of the present season.

The picture of the evening, if the comparison can be made in a general way with the host of other productions that give beautiful effects, will be the original conception of Lady Henry Somerset, assisted by Mrs. Charles Warner. The first framed representation is "Bedtime in the East End Slums; Waiting for Closing Time."

The moral of this story is given in the contrast of the tableau that follows, "Bedtime in the Country." During the representations Princess Te Ranji Pai sings "The Children of the City."

A story is told of the strenuous endeavour made by Lady Henry Somerset to paint into the first picture the shadows of the East End slums. A journey was made to Stepney, and a child found with towed locks, broken boots, and clothed in dirt and rags.

Mother's Pride.

The mother was visited, a satisfactory arrangement came to, and at the time appointed for the dress rehearsal the realistic representative of slum-laden presented himself at the stage door. Nobody knew him. Lady Henry Somerset disowned him. His mother had cut off his matted locks, bought him a new suit, and put an Eton collar round his neck. An admirable transformation, but too soon to be of use in the spectacle of "Bedtime in the Slums."

Other picture scenes represent the works of well-known masters in the production of the pictures, the cost of which is enormous.

In a little chat with Count Levenhaupt, who represents characters in two tableaux—"Harmony and Discord" and "Day Dream," a *Mirror* representative was told that the productions are the talk of the West End. All other functions are sacrificed by those taking part. Sandwiches are eaten instead of lunch and dinners are put off till supper time.

The members of the orchestra belong to the Ladies' Amateur Harp, mandoline, and Guitar Band, under the patronage of Princess Christian.

The Countess of Bective has undertaken to arrange the sale of programmes.

CAPTAIN CONDEMNED.

Eighteen Drowning Men Called in Vain for Help.

Captain John Gerhard Schwarting has been strongly condemned for not trying to rescue the drowning crew of a vessel with which his barque had been in collision.

He was the master of the barque *Mona*, and on March 20 he collided during a fog in the Irish Sea with the iron sailing ship *Lady Cairns*, of Swansea.

The latter sank before her boats could be got out, and her entire crew of eighteen men were drowned.

It was admitted at the Board of Trade inquiry that the cries of the drowning men were heard on board the *Mona*, and that some of the *Mona's* crew volunteered to try and save them, but Captain Schwarting explained that his reason for not sending a boat was that he feared the *Mona's* collision bulkhead might give way, and that the vessel would sink.

The Court found that the collision was caused by both vessels not acting with sufficient promptitude when they suddenly sighted each other. Taking into consideration that the *Mona* was light, and that there was no water entering the hold, the Court strongly condemned Captain Schwarting in withholding succour from those on board the other vessel, who, in their extreme peril, were calling to him for help.

THE TSAR PLAYS CRICKET.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

St. Petersburg, Saturday.

One of the Tsar's first acts after his return from his recent tour in the country was to have a cricket pitch laid out in the park at Tsarkoe Selo.

Nicholas II. has been ordered by his doctor to take more active exercise in the open air. Hitherto his Majesty has confined himself to tennis, of which both he and the Empress are expert players.

At first most of those who were privileged to play cricket with the Emperor were extremely nervous at the idea of his being hit by the ball, and intentionally bowled wiles to avoid striking his Majesty.

DETECTIVE'S DEVICE.

Breaking Into a Flat to Secure Divorce Evidence.

An occasion on which the proprietor of Slater's Detective Agency adopted the rôle of burglar was described at Bow-street on Saturday during the resumed hearing of the charges of conspiracy in connection with the Pollard divorce suit.

A fortnight had elapsed since Henry Scott, otherwise Slater; Albert Osborn, who acted as solicitor for Mrs. Pollard; Henry, the manager of the agency, and three detectives employed by Slater's were last before Sir Albert de Rutzen. Edgar Cartwright, formerly a cashier at Slater's, who had given evidence at the preceding hearing, was again called in order that he might be cross-examined. Mentioning an alleged slander which had caused trouble between Stephens, one of the detectives, and Slater, the witness said that Stephens was accused of stealing his employer's money to buy cream at Plymouth.

The incident of the "burglary" was brought up by a question from Mr. Muir, who appears for Slater.

Slater in Active Work.

"Since 1897 has Mr. Slater ever personally interviewed a new client?" counsel asked.

"Yes," Cartwright replied. "I can mention two whom he saw in 1902, and several before then. One of those cases Slater did the work himself—he broke into a flat."

Personally?—Yes.

"Where were the jemmies, the dark lanterns, and the crape mask kept?" Mr. Muir asked ironically.

"I never saw any," was the answer.

"That was part of the usual business—burglary?" Mr. Muir went on.

"No; this was a special client; a special case," he was told.

Mr. Muir: What was the other case you remember in which Slater saw the client personally? Was that a murder or only a manslaughter?

Witness: No; a divorce.

Mr. Muir: As a result of the burglary at the flat, did the gentleman who was instructing Slater's find his wife inside with another man?

"Yes," the witness replied, adding that the gentleman got his divorce.

"That was the object of the burglary. Was it a burglary in the night time or day time?" Mr. Muir asked.

"Oh; the night time."

Repository for Cigars.

In further evidence Cartwright remarked, with reference to Slater's safe, that, in his opinion, it was more for show than anything. So far as he knew only boxes of cigars were kept in it.

After leaving Slater's, Cartwright went into business with Stephens and Simmonds, another co-employee, as a rival agency.

"Did it ever occur to you that if you had Slater's reputation you had a fortune at your disposal?" the witness was asked.

"We thought there was a good scope for anybody who ran a clean business," he answered.

Mr. Muir: Was it the dirt business that put Slater at the top of the tree?—No; it was the advertising.

The case was again adjourned, it being understood that four days of this week will be devoted to the further hearing.

TEA CIGARETTE'S PERIL.

A New Craze Which Undermines a Woman's Constitution.

The craze of fashionable women is now the tea cigarette.

"Once let a woman begin to cultivate the flavour of a mixture of Souchong and Hyson, which, in other words, represents a blend of black and green, and she will have to consult a physician before the smoking habit is discarded."

This was the statement made to a *Mirror* representative by a society doctor.

The taste is far from disagreeable, but the after-effects, in a victim's own words, are that "one's head swims, there is a desire to clutch at things to prevent falling, and a dazed condition or semi-stupor follows, and comes the realisation of a heavenly vision, and the raptures of opium eating or smoking."

The deep inhalations cause a nauseating feeling, inability to eat or take any liquid but strong tea, as black as it can be stewed.

Seamen when out of tobacco on a long voyage fry or dried tea leaves and coffee grounds as fuel for their pipes, and men have been known to succumb to the after-effects on account of inability to take food.

PITY THE POOR HORSE.

A correspondent sends us an account of what appears to be a case of merciless neglect of a suffering animal. He writes:—

"About one o'clock on Saturday afternoon a horse belonging to a provision merchant was crossing the New Cross-road when it was knocked down by an electric tram, which ran over its hind leg, breaking and dislocating it. The poor horse was kept standing on its other three legs until 6.45, when it was killed."

THE DUKE AND THE LOST £12,000.

Marshall Committed for Trial—Story of Large Transactions with Whitaker Wright.

Mr. George Marshall, solicitor and five times mayor of Retford, was on Saturday formally committed to take his trial at the Nottinghamshire Assizes on the charge of misappropriating money belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, for whom he acted as agent.

The Duke was the chief witness called during the final day of the magisterial hearing at Retford. The accused solicitor had acted in the sale of his town house in Hill-street for £10,000, and after £18,000 of that amount had been paid to the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle he told Marshall that he wanted the balance to be available at short notice in case he decided to purchase another property. Having subsequently bought Forest Farm, Windsor, for £20,000, which would have to be provided, he told Marshall, at the end of January of this year.

Mr. Sims, counsel for the Treasury, read a letter written by Marshall to the Duke on January 29—the day after the reported robbery at the Hotel Metropole.

Most Terrible Experience.

It commenced:—

Dear Duke of Newcastle,—I am sorry to have to inform you Grace that I have gone through the most terrible experience of my life. I came up here last evening bringing £18,000 in large Bank of England notes to settle the Forest Farm purchase.

The letter went on to detail the depositing of the money at the hotel office, how he took back

Duke became suspicious. Personally, he took no steps to prosecute the accused, leaving the matter in the hands of his advisers.

The case for the prosecution having closed, the accused solicitor was formally charged. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and elected to give evidence.

Questioned by Mr. Neal, his solicitor, he stated that he was sixty-six years old, and had been in practice with partners in Retford since 1858. During recent years he had kept considerable sums of money in the cash-box in the office strong-room, and in a small value safe.

"I got in with the Whitaker Wright craze," he said, in explanation of this. "My transactions were in cash with Mr. Wright, and, besides, I wanted to accumulate a certain sum to make a settlement on my wife."

Sauculations with Whitaker Wright.

Some of his speculations with Whitaker Wright were very large, principally in the purchase of options, he said. "He always paid me in Bank of England notes, and I paid him in the same way," Mr. Marshall added.

After the sale of the Duke's London house he returned home with the balance, £15,000 being in Bank of England notes. He placed these in his cash-box in the strong-room at the office. There were other notes of £1,000 and of £500 there. The bulk of these, he said, would be from the Whitaker Wright transactions.

The notes with which he opened a deposit account at the bank on September 13 were those he received from the sale of the Duke's house.

"You have no doubt," Mr. Neal asked, "that

You can begin our thrilling new serial story, "The Premier's Daughter," by Alice and Claude Askew, to-day. See page 11.

to the bedroom, his absence while he got shaved, and his subsequent return to the bedroom, and were not the notes stolen, and, therefore, any investigation into the numbers of these particular notes is futile?"

"Heartbroken at the Catastrophe."

The letter concluded: "I am returning home to-day, heartbroken at so unexpected a catastrophe, and at present I can scarcely realise it. However, I take upon myself the entire responsibility, and will proceed to realise property of my own to repay your Grace, so that you may not be a loser."

In cross-examination by Mr. Neal, his Grace said that Mr. Marshall had acted for him satisfactorily for twelve years. From the time of selling the Hill-street house he had contemplated buying other property, and therefore that money was to remain where it could be produced immediately.

Mr. Neal: Upon the receipt of the letter announcing the robbery you wrote him a sympathetic letter?—Yes.

You believed him?—At that time. Not only your Grace, but the Duchess wrote him a sympathetic letter?—She did.

The Duke's Suspicions.

An early appointment with Marshall, which the Duke suggested after the robbery had been reported to him, never took place. When the numbers of the missing notes were not forthcoming the

notes you received on the Hill-street house were notes which went into the bank, and were not the notes stolen, and, therefore, any investigation into the numbers of these particular notes is futile?"

"Yes," Mr. Marshall replied.

A little later Mr. Neal asked: "Did you ever tell anyone that the notes which were stolen were the same notes that you received on the sale of the Hill-street house?"—"Certainly not."

"On a Wild Goose Chase."

Addressing the Court, Mr. Neal contended that no case had been made out, declaring that everyone had been on a wild goose chase, and after the wrong notes.

The whole time, he urged, the prosecution had proceeded on a prima facie case of a very serious nature had been made out against the accused.

"A most painful duty, therefore," he added, addressing Mr. Marshall, "now falls upon me. I do not think I should be doing my duty if I did not commit you to take your trial at the next assizes."

Bail was forthcoming at this stage, and Mr. Marshall was released pending the assizes.

CURIOUS WILL HISTORY.

In the Probate Court on Saturday an action concerning the will of the late Miss Eliza Westley, who was many years employed by Miss Tait, daughter of the late Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, came on for hearing. Plaintiff, Mr. A. F. Westley, a nephew, asked probate of the last will, and the defendant was Mrs. Bun, a sister. For the defence it was asserted that the will was not duly executed, that Miss Westley was not of sound mind, and did not approve of the contents.

The will left the estate of £700 to a Mr. Peniel, Miss Tait, and Mr. Westley, and £20 was left to Mrs. Bun. Miss Westley, who lived in Barton street, Westminster, died suddenly last September. Taken ill on the night of September 9, she sent for her nephew, and the will was drafted. The next morning she told a doctor she had got up in the night and, in mistake for some medicine, had taken some acid used for cleaning brasses.

Miss Tait, who was called, said that Miss Westley was not the kind of person likely to commit suicide. The case was adjourned.

KEPT 125,829 PRISONERS.

At Marylebone Police Court on Saturday Sergeant Colbrook was presented with a dinner-service in silver and plate and a cheque, upon his retirement from the post of gaoler of that court.

During his gaolership no less than 125,829 prisoners have passed through his hands.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Sad Story of a Lady's Ruin and Disgrace.

Through the publicity given to a police court case the relatives of a young lady, who, as the North London magistrate described her position on Saturday, had "sunk about as low as she could get," have been able to discover her whereabouts and make an effort to reclaim her.

The case in question was one in which Emma Hilda Chapple, thirty-four years of age, and John Hollick, a tipple, were charged with being false by having obtained food and lodging by false pretences from Mrs. Smith, of Eleanor-road, Hackney.

Mrs. Smith's evidence was to the effect that the couple came to her house as husband and wife, and that the woman represented herself as an actress playing the part of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, at a salary of £200 a week, while acting, and £30 a week during rehearsals. Ultimately they disappeared without notice. When arrested Chapple said that Hollick had deserted her on finding that her resources were exhausted.

A gentleman in court came forward and said that he had seen the case reported in the newspapers and had come to see if anything could be done for Chapple, whom he knew in a very different position some years ago.

The Magistrate: I understand that she is very well connected, and that some years ago she left her home in the country, to be ruined and deserted by a man in London, since which time she has sunk lower and lower.

Back to Her Relatives.

Another gentleman, who was understood to be a relative, said that the relatives were anxious to rescue Chapple from her position, and they were ready to take her away at once.

A fashionably-dressed young lady then went into the witness-box, and she and the gentleman spoke privately with the magistrate, after which Chapple consented to go with her relatives, and added that she had never been connected with the stage.

The Magistrate: There is no doubt you have been associating with people much below you socially. Will you try and do better in future?

Chapple said she would, and Mr. Fordham accepted the bail of one of the gentlemen for £100, bringing her up for judgment if called upon within twelve months.

Hollick was sent to gaol for seven days.

BEGGED FOR DIVORCE.

Erring Wife's Refusal to Give Up a Lover.

In the Divorce Division on Saturday, Mr. Justice Barnes had before him the undefended petition of Captain Anthony Henry Waring, of the Army Medical Service Corps, for a divorce by reason of the misconduct of his wife, Mrs. Mabel Alice Waring, with the co-respondent, Mr. Palmer Roberts, whose position was not stated.

On behalf of the petitioner, Mr. Deane, K.C., said that in the original petition there was a charge of misconduct at Secunderabad, India, but his lordship would not be troubled with that. Captain Waring taxed his wife with misconduct, which she admitted. She made a full confession, and said that nothing would induce her to give up the co-respondent.

She begged her husband to divorce her, but he declined to do so. She came to this country, and he allowed her £200 a year. Subsequently Captain Waring came to this country, and he had his wife watching, with the result that it was ascertained that she had stayed at the same house as the co-respondent at Heme Bay.

Referring to a letter Mrs. Waring wrote to her husband, counsel said she set out that if he would not divorce her she would live with the co-respondent as his mistress. Consequently he thought it best to proceed to divorce her, and he filed this supplemental petition.

Evidence was given as to the respondent staying in the same house as the co-respondent, when they passed as brother and sister.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi, with costs.

BELIEVED SHE WAS A WIDOW.

Ten years ago, believing herself a widow, a woman of Monmouth named Mrs. Redding married an ex-soldier named Nicholls, the landlord of the Conservative Tavern at Treleick. Recently Mr. Nicholls discovered that his wife's first husband still lived, and forthwith repudiated his own marriage with her.

The way was now clear for the soldier-publican to try again, and he made love to the daughter of the lady he had discarded, and with such success that he married her. When Mrs. Redding was asked to accept her daughter's hospitality she became much upset, and after posting a farewell letter went to a neighbouring pool with the object of drowning herself. She was charged at the local police court on Saturday with attempted suicide, but the magistrates dismissed the case.

Mr. James Rigby, about forty years sexton and vergar at Holy Trinity Church, Burnley, who has just died, was said to be godfather to half the people in the parish, which has 15,000 inhabitants.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

An enormous haul of pirated music, amounting to some 80,000 copies, was made last week by the Music Publishers' Association.

After an absence from London of nearly twelve months' duration, Miss Vesta Tilley, the smartest "boy" on the stage, makes her reappearance at the Tivoli to-night.

Organised walking matches are now pronounced by the chief constable of Leeds to be infringements of the law on the ground that they cause obstruction.

Miss Edna May leaves London in July for New York, where she will begin an engagement in "The Schoolgirl." Miss May will not be seen again here for another year or so, when Mr. Frohman will present her in a comedy.

KILLED IN PICCADILLY.

A well-dressed, middle-aged man, while attempting to cross the street at the corner of Arlington-street and Piccadilly on Saturday, was knocked down by a motor-car.

He rolled under the wheels of a pair-horse dray, and before the driver could pull up the heavy vehicle passed over his body and killed him.

BEER PAYS FOR BIBLE.

An account of the canteen established for the use of the 300 navvies working upon the Griseale reservoir was recently published. Now it is announced that the profits of this canteen, the salary of a missionary, who will work among the labourers, is to be paid.

NO RIGHT TO SEA BATHING.

The custom of sea bathing is so natural and universal in these islands that it is popularly supposed that the public has a general legal right to go upon and frequent the seashore for the purpose of bathing.

Such a supposition, says "Country Life," is erroneous. The common law rights of the public over the seashore are those established by law, and the right of access thereto for the purpose of bathing is not one of them.

GREAT COMPOSER'S AMUSING BLUNDER.

Dvorák, the great composer, and his friend Káan, neither of whom knew a word of English, were set to get up early and stroll about London together, when on their first visit to England, says the "Musical Times."

One fine morning they lost their way. "I feel hungry," said Káan as they passed a big place in the windows of which breakfast tables were apparently exposed to view. "This must be a café, let us go in." They did, and after they had hung up their hats they ordered breakfast.

The waiters could not understand German, and after some time it was explained to the intruders that the building was not a café but a club, and that, therefore, their wants could not be supplied. Káan said afterwards: "I have been in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and had never before seen so magnificent a café as that!" No wonder; they had ordered their breakfast at the Athenæum!

WANTS TO KILL HIMSELF.

"I promised not to commit suicide, but now I feel unable to keep that promise, and I want to be released from it," said an old man at Highgate Police Court on Saturday.

He was charged some time ago with attempting suicide, and released on promising not to renew the attempt, but now he said he felt his trouble was too much for him to live.

Mr. Scammell, the court missionary, said he had been dealing with the case, and found it the most difficult he had had. The man was incapacitated from work, and he (Mr. Scammell) was unable to help him any more. What he was really in need of was a small pension.

The magistrate sitting was not the one to whom the promise had been made, and he persuaded the old man to renew his promise until he sees the magistrate who heard the case.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of holiday-makers.

Mr. Winston Churchill, says the "Speaker," has for some time been collecting materials for a memoir of his father.

"Good-bye; prescribed for myself a dose of carbolic acid before bed-time," was the message written to his doctor by a man who committed suicide at Norwich.

The defendant in a matrimonial case at Newcastle-under-Lyme, said "I took my wife for better or worse, but she has been wrong. She won't get my meals ready, but goes neighbouring."

A shocking cycling fatality occurred at Dale Hill, near Brighton, on Saturday. A cyclist travelling towards London collided with a cyclist coming from the opposite direction, and sustained such severe injuries that he died shortly afterwards.

The Paddington and North Kensington Trades Council have adopted Mr. Harry Snell as Labour candidate for the constituency of North Kensington. Mr. Snell, who will open his campaign with a public meeting on Thursday next, is a Fabian Society lecturer.

EX-POLICEMAN FINED £100.

In Dublin Peter Connell, an ex-sergeant of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, was fined £100 for having made bets in a public-house.

Eighteen months ago Connell was fined £50 for a similar offence.

ALLEGED BURGLARIES BY SOLDIERS.

Burglaries by soldiers have been frequent at Dover recently.

Two privates in the York and Lancaster Regiment named Firth and Woodiwiss were on Saturday charged with breaking into a house and stealing £30 worth of jewellery.

They were committed to quarter sessions.

SAYS HE IS NOT DEAD.

A verdict of Found Dead was returned last Thursday by a coroner's jury at Treherbert on the supposed body of Harry Jordan, the body being found in a state of decomposition on a mountain.

But Harry Jordan is still alive and working at Tirpenty Colliery, Pontypool, and on Saturday he said that he was not dead. The first intimation he had of his "death" was through a newspaper giving particulars of the inquest.

BOY OF SEVEN GOES BALLOONING.

The Aero Club No. 1 balloon of 45,000 cubic feet capacity, carrying as passengers Mrs. Manville, Mr. F. Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer, and his son Charles, aged seven, left the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, and had a most successful trip over Box Hill, Leith Hill, and the open country of Sussex.

The balloon attained a maximum height of 10,000ft., and made a splendid descent at Chichester. A second balloon, the Aero Club No. 2, with Mr. Pollock, Mr. Moore Brabson, and Mr. Martin Dale, landed in sight of No. 1 near Goodwood.

BUTCHERS' WALK TO BRIGHTON.

The "Butchers'" walk to Brighton on Saturday was favoured by fine weather, and numbers of employees from the Central Markets accompanied the competitors on the road.

Out of the eighteen men who started at 5.30 a.m. from Big Ben J. Jagers was the first to reach the Brighton Aquarium, in 9h. 50m. 40sec., and won the gold medal with a silver drinking cup.

The second and third arrivals were J. Phillips (9h. 55min. 40sec.) and T. Griffin (10h. 5min. 40sec.). Mr. Harris (the Sausage King) accompanied the men in his motor-car, and with Mr. H. Chilton acted as judge along the route from Westminster.

"INNOCENT AS A CHILD UNBORN."

A postcard was sent to the licensee of a beer-house in Bengal-street, Manchester, urgently asking him to go to the brewery.

While he was away a man named Frank Dwyer called at the beer-house. As he was being served it was alleged that he crept upstairs and stole £8 10s. worth of jewellery and money from a bedroom. Meanwhile the landlord had found out that the postcard had not been sent from the brewery.

On being committed to the Sessions Dwyer told the Bench that he "was as innocent as a child unborn."

"When I hear that from the dock I know the prisoner is guilty," remarked the magistrate.

YOUNG WIDOW'S SUICIDE.

At Canning Town, at the inquest on the body of Amelia Cooper, a young widow, of Plumstead, Mrs. Brown said deceased's mother and her sister had been in an asylum. Three months ago the witness's father was buried, and Mrs. Cooper then said she would never see anyone else buried, for she intended to commit suicide. She left home on May 24, and had not been heard of since.

The body of Mrs. Cooper was found in the Thames last Thursday. A verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane was returned.

Rats at Wednesbury have attacked a litter of sucking pigs in a stable, killing five out of fourteen.

At an inquest at Southport, on a fisherman who fell overboard, a witness said most fishermen there were afraid of the water, and very few of them could swim.

An important change is to be made in regard to the twin South Foreland lights, one of which is to disappear, while the other is to be made visible for a distance of twenty-six miles.

Captain Hamilton, the chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, who has been on the sick list for a fortnight suffering from German measles, left the Southwark headquarters on Saturday for the seaside.

FAMOUS CRICKETER'S WEDDING.

Two famous cricketers will appear at Marylebone Church at half-past two to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. P. F. Warner puts the coping-stone on his late Agnes Blyth, and is happy in having as his best man one that occasion so devoted a cricket enthusiast as Lord Hawke.

WANTED HIS WAGES REDUCED.

At Runcorn the caretaker to the Technical Institute requested that his salary might be reduced from 30s. to 28s. per week. He is a police pensioner, and stated that if his wages were continued at the present rate his pension was in danger. His wages were, therefore, reduced as requested.

FIFTY YEARS A CITY VICAR.

The Rev. Charles Craghe Collins, M.A., will celebrate on Wednesday his fiftieth anniversary as Vicar of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury. The venerable gentleman, who, with one exception is the oldest clergyman in the City, was appointed to the living of St. Mary's by the parishioners in 1854. He still enjoys robust health, and is able to conduct the services at St. Mary's.

DINNER-HOUR THIEF.

At the North London Sessions it was stated that Samuel Day, who pleaded guilty to three robberies, at Kilburn, Westbourne Park, and Paddington, was an extremely dangerous criminal.

He was a most plausible man, who, masquerading as a workman, called at houses where decorators were employed. Upon some pretence he gained access to the houses when the painters were absent at dinner. Whilst apparently overlooking the work done he collected any valuables he could find.

He was ordered five years' penal servitude.

ANOTHER HISTORIC HOUSE.

Compton Castle, three miles from Torquay, is to come under the hammer this month. It was the home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the famous soldier and navigator, who, in 1583, "took possession" of Newfoundland, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and was drowned in his 10-ton vessel, the Squirrel.

Compton Castle was erected before his time—early in the fifteenth century—and is a splendid specimen of the architecture of the time. It is the fourth historic castle of England to come under the hammer this season.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Yarmouth and Lowestoft should be more popular than ever this season. On Saturday the Great Eastern Railway inaugurated a special service of trains which during the summer will run daily to these well-patronised resorts.

Leaving Liverpool-street at 10.15 the corridor train, to which restaurant cars were attached, reached Yarmouth at 12.45, where after a luncheon given to a large number of visitors Lord Claud Hamilton, the chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company, made a short appeal in praise of Yarmouth enterprise, and then opened the new Winter Gardens.

This train will leave Liverpool-street daily at the same time, and run to Yarmouth without a stop, and a similar train will leave for Lowestoft at 10.20.

£58,276 FOR ENGLISH PICTURES.

Part of the important collection of pictures made by Mr. James Orrock realised £58,276 at Christie's on Saturday afternoon. The remainder of the collection will be sold to-day.

There was some spirited bidding, and some very high prices were paid for famous canvases. Turner's "Walton Bridges" was the picture most sought after. The bidding for this started at 4,000 guineas, and it was eventually sold to Messrs. Agnew for 7,000 guineas.

Other high prices were:—Reynolds's "Lady Anne Fitzpatrick," 4,000 guineas; Gainsborough's "Mrs. Charlotte Freer," 3,300 guineas; Sir T. Lawrence's "Mrs. Tristram," 1,500 guineas; Sir T. Lawrence's "Ciss of London," 1,500 guineas; Turner's "Lancaster, from the Aqueduct," 1,500 guineas; Constable's "East Bergholt Mill," 1,000 guineas.

THE CITY.

Markets Slack but Hopeful—Americans Dead—Colonial Municipals Out of Favour.

Stock markets on Saturday are proverbial. The Stock Exchange on Saturday last quite lived up to its reputation. There was next to no business, but what, in the circumstances, was quite as good: there was a revival in the sanguine sentiment of the investment markets, in spite of the numerous reports, which were again repeated by the firmness of French exchange. In banking circles it was favourably regarded for London gold prospects. Consequently Consols led a rally of the investment stocks.

The Port Elizabeth loan makes its appearance, and though it is thought to be fairly cheap, yet it is significant that the voice of criticism is heard. It is pointed out that only a few months ago Port Elizabeth was in the market for a considerable amount, and some market critics contrast the new loan unfavourably with others. There seems to be some grumbling, too, about the numerous Colonial municipal issues during recent months. In the Home-Railway market the fine weather did much to help the passenger lines, and money prospects helped the whole market. The one exception to the good tendency was North-Western stocks.

Americans were as dead as ever. Grand Trunks showed continued weakness, though, of course, as the divided position, and some market critics thought that the Canadian Pacific were helped by a good traffic. There was little of interest in Argentine Raily, where Argentine Great Western were firm and most other things rather dull. Mexican Railway stocks came into favour again.

In the Foreign market there was some marking up of Japanese bonds, but, apart from that, very few features of interest; and, as a whole, prices were inclined to drop.

The Port of London Bill is apparently to be abandoned after all. Consequently London Dock stocks showed weakness. The other London docks, however, showed little change. This is due to good nitrate prices and the fact that sugar stocks are low, and consequently there is encouragement in the sugar and nitrate industry, on which the nitrate industry so much depends.

Kafir and West Africans may be disregarded, so little were these sections, but the West Indian market was interesting, owing to the hoisting of a good many of the low-price shares.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest prices for the most important Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 3½ p.c. 90½	90½	"Pacific" 118	118
"Do Account" 90½	90½	Western 54½	54½
"India 5 p.c." 90½	90½	"Mexican First" 79½	80½
London C.C. 3 p.c. 90½	90½	"Do. Ord." 79½	80½
Sat. War Loan 90½	90½	Rosier 79½	80½
Transvaal Loan 90½	90½	"Do. Def." 83	83
Argentine 1888 102½	102½	Canadian Pacific 120½	120½
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889 74½	74½	Great E. Ry. 101½	101½
Do. W. of Minas 1888 74½	74½	"Do. 2nd" 55½	55½
Chili 1888 85½	85½	Nitrates 74½	74½
Egyptian 5 p.c. 1890 98½	98½	"Do. 3rd" 55½	55½
India 5 p.c. 1890 98½	98½	Acacred Bread 8½	9
Japan 5 p.c. 1890 98½	98½	Allsopp Ord. 37½	38½
Per. Deb. 98½	98½	Coats 88½	89½
Do. Def. 98½	98½	De Beers 80½	81½
Port. Deb. 98½	98½	Hudson Bay 39½	40½
Do. Def. 98½	98½	Lin. Gen. Ord. 110	110
Russian 4 p.c. 1889 98½	98½	L. & L. D. Def. Ord. 81	81
Spanish 4 p.c. (S&D) 98½	98½	Nelson's 30½	30½
Turkish 5 p.c. 1890 98½	98½	Sweetwater Act. 36½	36½
Druggist 5 p.c. 98½	98½	Vickers, Maxims 114	114
		"Walsbach Ord." 7	7
Brighton Def. 121½	121½	"Anglo-French" 81	81
Caledonian Def. 31½	31½	Ashanti (C. P.) 3	3
Central London 94	94	Barnato Cons. 24½	24½
Chatham Ord. 94	94	Champ. Reel 94½	95½
Do. Pref. 98	98	Great Eastern 98	98
Do. 2nd Pref. 68	68	City & S.A. 98	98
Great Eastern 98	98	Con. Gold S.A. 98	98
Gr. Northern Def. 41½	41½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Great Central A. 14½	14½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Great Western 141½	141½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Metropolitan 97½	97½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
District 97½	97½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
North London 97½	97½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Do. Def. 69	69	Gold S. & A. 98	98
North British Def. 44½	44½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
North Eastern 141½	141½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
North Western 142½	142½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
South Eastern Def. 99	99	Gold S. & A. 98	98
South West. Def. 99	99	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Do. Ord. 103	103	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Atchison 70	71	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Baltimore 80	80	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Chesapeake 80	80	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Chi. Mil. & P. 14½	148	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Denver 194	194	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Erie Shavers 94	94	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Do. Pref. 98	98	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Illinois Cent. 120½	120½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Ill. & N. W. 141½	141½	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Missouri 15	16	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Ontario 28	28	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Norfolk Cons. 28	28	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Pennsylvania 28	28	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Reading 28	28	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Southern Pacific 40	40	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Union Pacific 80	80	Gold S. & A. 98	98
U.S. Steel Ord. 64	64	Gold S. & A. 98	98
U.S. Pref. 64	64	Gold S. & A. 98	98
Wabash Pref. 32	34	Gold S. & A. 98	98
B.A. G. South 132	133	Gold S. & A. 98	98

* Ex div. † Ex. Rights.

ANNOUNCED BY A MIRROR.

Complaint was made to the South-Western magistrate on Saturday that a dentist in practice at Ramsden-road, Balham, was erecting a large and noisy machine, and that the noise was so great that it was impossible to sleep. It was stated that the neighbour, who was not on friendly terms with the dentist, had been able, by the aid of large mirrors standing in position in the back garden, to observe the movements of the dentist's household, and more especially what went on in the study and operating-room.

The magistrate ordered that an officer of the court should request the neighbour to desist from causing the annoyance.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—

2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Office of the *Daily Mirror* are—
43 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1886 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 35, Rue Tailbout.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1904.

MISSING!

The season of mysterious disappearances has come round again. When the Hickman problem had been cleared up last year we did not hear much about missing people for a time. Lately there has been a revival of this kind of sensation, and at the present moment quite a number of people are being sought for anxiously by sorrowing relatives and friends.

The police say there are people constantly disappearing: some for reasons of their own; a few against their will; a good many because they lose all sense of their own identity. But not many cases present such baffling features as that of Mr. Probert, whose heart-broken mother told her story on Saturday to a *Mirror* reporter. With wide publicity, however, there ought to be no difficulty in clearing up this as well as the other mysteries which are puzzling us just now.

It is not nearly so easy to disappear as most people think. Changes of clothes and alterations in facial appearance cannot be made without great risks of attracting attention. Getting out of the country is not difficult, if you have plenty of money. But, once out of the country, it is as hard to know how to throw pursuers off the scent as it would be at home.

There are such millions here in London, and, when one thinks of America, the thought conjures up such a vision of teeming multitudes of human beings that it seems at first as if a man or a woman must be able to escape notice among them. Yet very few who make the attempt consciously ever succeed. They are generally just a little too clever. Only poor creatures who have lost their wits manage to blunder upon infallible methods of escaping recognition.

It is just as well that this should be so, for if it were a simple matter to shake off one's personality and start in life afresh, there are very few of us who would not be tempted to do it.

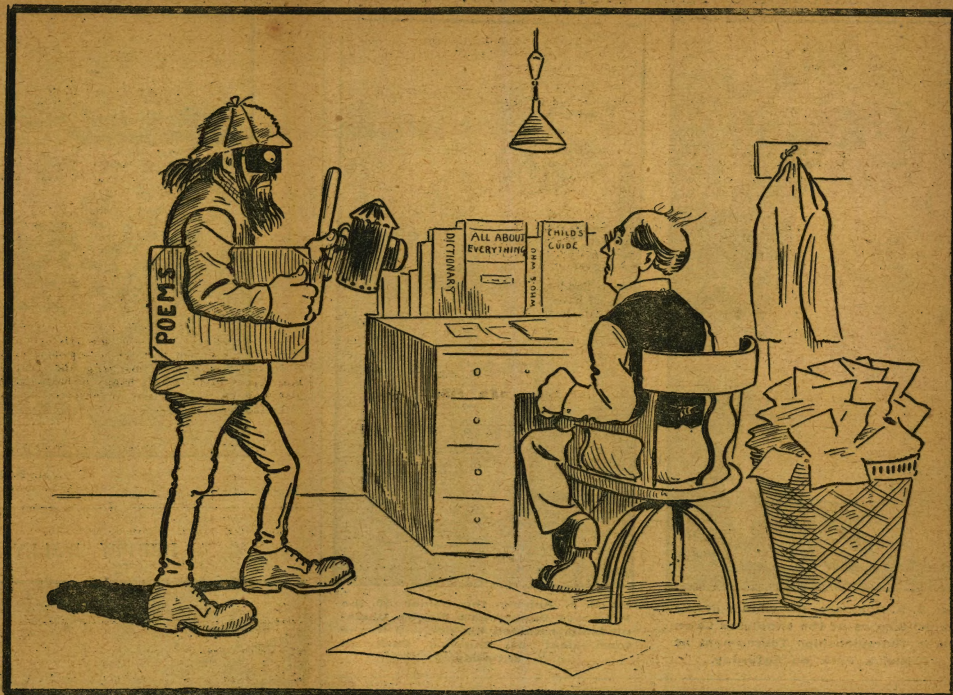
The same note seems to run through all the Russian commander's dispatches. "If we had looked ahead, we should not have stumbled." In the account of the battle of Kinchow we read that siege guns might have been very useful if they had been brought up three days beforehand. And it has only just been discovered that a neutral tint is safest for soldiers' uniform. By the time the Russians get enough grey tunics and cap covers to replace all their present wear of staring white the war may be finished. Why did no one think of this years ago, when other armies, our own amongst them, adopted khaki in place of scarlet, or green, or blue?

If anyone falls suddenly ill in the street, nine out of every ten sympathisers are certain to recommend brandy as the remedy to be tried first. This very nearly had a serious result in a case at Islington in which a young woman was suffering from sac of lemon poisoning. If brandy had been given she would probably have died, said a doctor in the police court on Saturday. The rule ought to be that nothing whatever should be given to a sick person until a doctor arrives. Otherwise we all run the risk of finding ourselves at the mercy of any casual passer-by's advice.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The large and powerful intellect of Queen Elizabeth enabled her to see that to make a government flourish its councillors must be men of ability and virtue, and that if these two conditions are fulfilled, the nobles may be left to repose in the enjoyment of their leisure, unoppressed by those cares of state for which, with a few brilliant exceptions, they are naturally disqualified by the number of their prejudices and by the frivolity of their pursuits.—H. A. T. Buckle, author of *"The History of Civilisation"*. (1822-1862).

THE BURGLAR-POET INSPIRES THE POET-BURGLAR.



The advent of the burglar-poets, whose indifferent verses have filled the papers lately, has made the lot of the legitimate long-haired spring poet harder than ever. He now calls upon editors in the guise of Bill Sykes, proposing to attack the Bank of England or Buckingham Palace, so that he may secure the joy of seeing his effusions in print.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Everybody will sympathise with Lady Audrey Buller, and hope her illness will soon be over, for she is as popular as her bluff, kindly soldier husband, of whom she takes so much care. I remember a funny incident in the war which illustrates her keen eye to Sir Redvers's comfort. When he was at Colenso she sent him out a number of cases of champagne, all carefully marked "Castor oil." As these did not arrive, the General made inquiries, and this was the answer he got from Cape Town: "Regret no cases to be found, but have procured all-castor oil possible, and am dispatching without delay, as you desire."

To-morrow Mr. "Plum" Warner, the pet cricketer of the moment, enters upon what we all hope will prove to be a very long innings indeed. His bride, Miss Agnes Blyth, must be used to St. Marylebone Parish Church, where Bishop Welldon performs the ceremony, seeing that the Blyths, the Golds, and the Gibbys, who are all relations, and always intermarrying, invariably select this building for family weddings. One of the Miss Blyths is married to Mr. Guy Nickalls, of rowing fame. So now there will be two champions in the family.

Upon the new novel of hers, which is this morning announced for early publication, Miss Marie Corelli has been at work for a long time. Fortunately for her, her anxiety now ends when she writes the last line of a book. She need not trouble about finding a publisher, as she did at first, when all Bentley's readers advised the rejection of *"A Romance of Two Worlds"*. Oddly enough, Mr. Hall Caine was among them, the writer who now shares with Miss Corelli the honours of the "largest circulation" among living novelists.

Miss Corelli is always sure of an attentive and appreciative reader in his Majesty the King. She met him first personally at Homburg some years ago, and he took kindly to the little fair-haired literary lady with the large soulful eyes. One day he introduced the Prince of Wales to her (he was then the Duke of York). "This is my son George," he said, "and he has read as many of your books as I have, which is to say that he has read them all." The Empress Frederick is also an admirer of Miss Corelli's work, and has told her that *"The Master"* was the last novel the Emperor Frederick read before he died.

Mr. James Orrock, who, at Christie's on Saturday, sold the first instalment of his pictures for close on £50,000, has been slowly collecting, and watching the public taste with an astuteness which for twenty-five years has been a joke against him. Many London artists were amazed at the "rubbish," as they called it, which Mr. Orrock laboriously collected from odd corners. Yet the "rubbish heap" will probably yield £100,000.

Brighton is at last to have an electric tramway up the steep street which leads from the front to the station, and this has revived talk of a line along the front as well. Old residents say it would complete the degradation of the place. All they mean is that Brighton is losing its fashionable character and becoming the Blackpool of the south, which is no doubt quite true.

Mr. Cluer, the Worship-street magistrate, who said on Saturday: "If there were no public-houses I should not be here, and nine-tenths of the policemen would not be needed," is famous for sharp sayings. He once remarked that if people fell dead when they told lies "the whole place would be covered with them." To a hypocritical tramp who pleaded that although foxes had holes and the birds of the air nests he had nowhere to lay his head his reply was short. "That's easily remedied. Three months' hard." But there was never louder laughter in his court than when he said: "The magistrate is the only person who may talk here, especially nonsense."

Lady Warwick, who is certainly the prettiest blue-stocking of her time, is shortly going to Berlin to attend a Woman's Congress. Her dainty ladyship will find herself in strange company, for when the German Hausfrau takes to politics she does so with a vengeance, and adopts fearsome clothes of mannish appearance, and the German civilian, looked at from the sartorial point of view, is not beautiful. He would cause the "Tailor and Cutter" expert a fit of apoplexy.

Already M. François Bonnaure, the most famous French chef in the world, has begun to make his influence felt at Claridge's Hotel, where the richest people eat the most delicate of food. All through the kitchens a thrill of expectation has passed, and everyone is on the qui vive.

M. Bonnaure, by the way, is a pupil of the celebrated Joseph, who, it will be remembered, gave up a salary of £3,000 a year in Mr. Vanderbilt's establishment because that gentleman once had the temerity to ask for some bacon and eggs. "Barbarous!" cried Joseph, and resigned.

Mr. George Alexander has discovered a fine part for himself in Mr. Justice Me Remembrance's new novel, *"The Garden of Lies"*. It is that of a young Irishman—now Dennis Mallory—who is for political reasons paid to make love to a Princess who, through a carriage mishap on her wedding day, does not remember her husband. Mallory succeeds only too well in his task, but when the truth is divulged the Princess decides her duties with the Prince. He, however, is killed in a revolution, and all ends happily for the Princess and Mallory. It is a stirring story, full of duels, intrigues, and excursions and alarms; and Mr. Sydney Grundy, who is adapting it, is sure to give "Alec" a fine and picturesque opportunity.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

To-night she will make the Camden Theatre the centre of theatrical London, for she is producing there a play by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, wife of the Colonial Secretary.

How is it she is not permanently established at a central playhouse of her own? Simply because the London public does not care enough about good acting and good plays to make it worth her while.

Whether you meet her behind the scenes or in her delightful old house in Kensington-square, "Mrs. Pat" will strike you not only as an exceptionally beautiful woman, but as the possessor of a rarely vivid temperament.

When she is in the mood to talk (she is a creature of moods) she can interest you by the hour together, now humorous, now tender; scorn alternating with humility; a clever imitation suddenly giving place to an outburst of cynical philosophy, or even to a sudden passion of tears. Her silence, too, is eloquent, and full of sympathy.

She could have been a brilliant musician, if she had chosen that career. But she had wanted to act always, and success as an amateur pointed her on to higher paths. Before she took to the stage she had qualified for romantic drama by marrying at seventeen. Wherefore she now has a strapping son in the Navy and a big daughter finishing her education abroad.

Next best to them she loves her tiny dog, Panky-Poo, which she used to describe as a "rough-haired canary," in order to be allowed to take it with her in American trains.

She really loves her art as well, else she could never have made her great name, and thoroughly deserved it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What is the Meaning of the "Time Limit" in Connection with the Licensing Bill?

This Bill, of which the Committee stage begins in the House of Commons to-day, aims at providing reasonable compensation for publicans whose licences are taken away, not for any fault of their own, but simply with the view of reducing the number of public-houses.

What the advocates of a time-limit propose is that this scheme shall only remain in force for a certain number of years, say ten; and that afterwards licences shall be taken away, when magistrates consider they are not required, without any compensation being paid at all.

SATURDAY'S TENNIS TOURNAMENT.



Miss D. K. Douglass, the winner of the Ladies' Singles at the Middlesex Lawn Tennis Championships Tournament at Chiswick Park on Saturday.



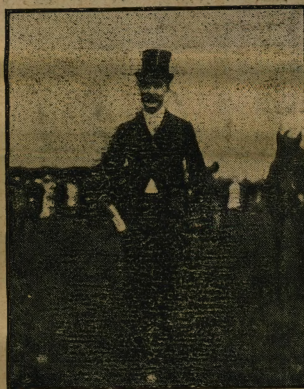
Mr. H. S. Mahony, the holder of the Middlesex Gentlemen's Singles Championship, retained his position in the tournament at Chiswick Park on Saturday.

TO-NIGHT'S DANCE.



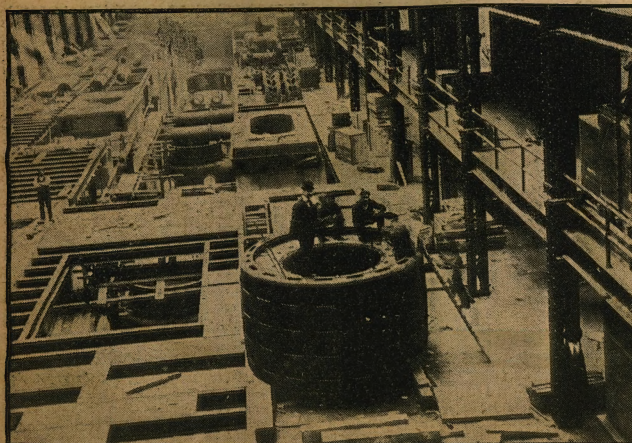
Lady Evelyn Guinness, who is giving a dance at the Hyde Park Hotel this evening.—(Photograph by Esme Collings.)

PRETTY POLLY'S OWNER.



Major Eustace Loder, the owner of the Oaks winner, Pretty Polly, looks pleased at his victory.

ELECTRIFYING THE "UNDERGROUND."



The huge electric generating station which is being built for the electrified "Underground" is now nearing completion. The building, which is situated at Chelsea, is the largest generating station in the world.

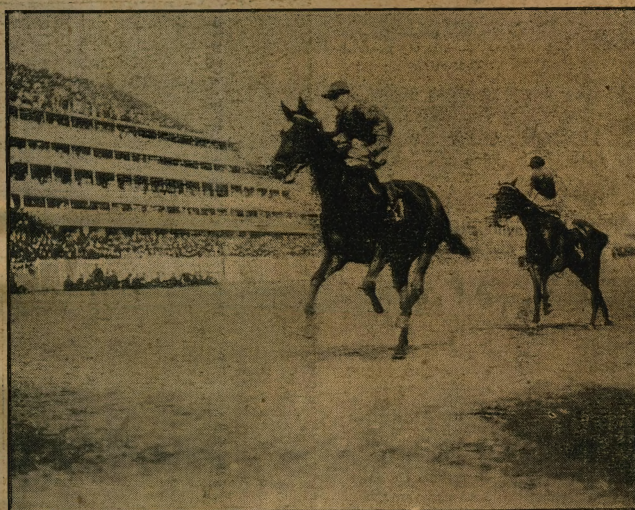
THE SEASIDE HOLIDAY RESORTS



HASTINGS IN SUNSHINE.

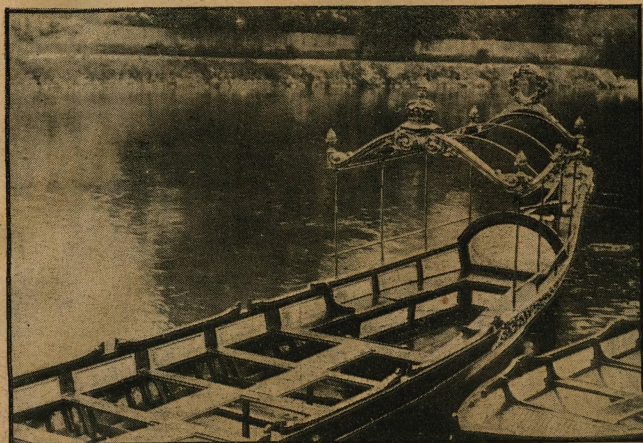
—(Photograph by Callcott.)

PRETTY POLLY WINS THE OAKS.



The finish of the Oaks at Epsom. Pretty Polly wins in the easiest of canters. Bitters was second, and Fiancee a bad third.

THE RENOVATED STATE BARGE.



In preparation for the King's state trip on the Thames to Eton College next Monday the royal barge, built 213 years ago, has been redecorated, and now looks like a new craft.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

CROWDED YESTERDAY AND SATURDAY, AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS REJOICED IN THE SUNSHINE.



THE SANDS AT RAMSGATE.

—(Photograph by Callcott.)



THE WEST CLIFF AT SOUTHEND.

—(Photograph by Callcott.)

NG'S NEW LEADING LADY.



Fealy, the American actress, is to be Sir King's leading lady in London next season.

SATURDAY AT RANELAGH.



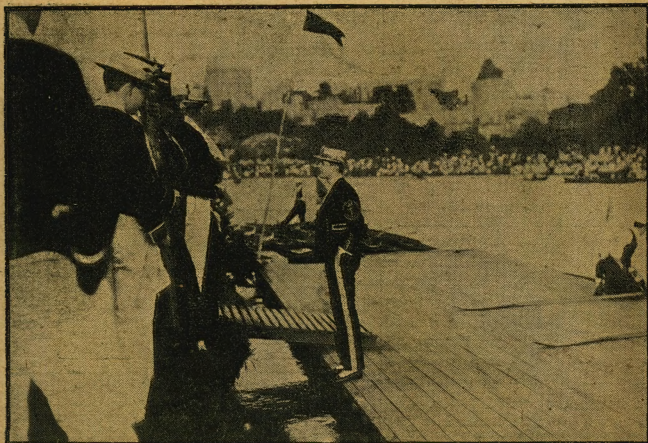
Princess Hatfield presenting the prizes after the ladies' sports at Ranelagh on Saturday. One of the most interesting events was the "Bending Race" on polo ponies.

SATURDAY'S INTERNATIONAL SPORTS.



The team of the Racing Club de Franco, which on Saturday took part in the third annual match against the South London Harriers at Stamford Bridge, winning their only event, the Steeplechase.

THE PROCESSION OF BOATS—THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" AT ETON.



The Fourth of June celebrations took place at Eton on Saturday. Mr. L. E. Jones, the captain of the boats, in the quaint costume worn by the crews in the procession of boats.



In the procession of boats the "cox" carry large bouquets of flowers, and wear naval uniforms according to the position of their boats on the river. The rowers wear bunches of flowers in their hats.

BEGIN THIS TO-DAY.

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW,

Authors of "The Shulamite," the only novel by new authors this year which has gone into a second edition, and is still the rage at all the West End libraries.

"Life is a chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny, with Men for Pieces, Plays."

FOR NEW READERS.

Who was John Heron's father? He does not know. He is a successful man, has made money in the Colonies, come home to buy a fine place on Dartmoor, and already made a mark in politics. But he has no idea of his origin. The only hint ever given to him was his mother's cry of "Philip" as she died.

Nevertheless, he persuades Beatrice Chevenix to promise to marry him, although she is the daughter of the Prime Minister, and one of the most fascinating young women in London, with hosts of admirers.

She engages herself to him, promising herself that she will throw him over if he does not improve on acquaintance; and goes to stay at Denzil's Folly, his Devonshire house.

While she is riding with him one day they meet a strange, ragged, old man, with whom Heron has some words alone, but of whom he says nothing when he rejoins Beatrice. On the evening of the same day a curious noise is heard outside the house. Heron goes out quickly, saying it is a watch-dog loose. Then a fall is heard, and a suppressed cry.

Soon after Heron has returned to his guests, a servant announces that a warder from the convict prison is anxious to see the master of the house at once.

CHAPTER IV. Continued.

"A warder from Princetown." Had a bombshell suddenly crashed through the ceiling the occupants of the pleasant, lamp-lit drawing-room of Denzil's Folly could hardly have shown more surprise.

Lady Cary leapt to her feet, with a little nervous laugh.

"A warder from Princetown," she gasped out excitedly. "Then a convict has escaped, I suppose, and they are sending round to warn the country-side? My goodness, what fun! Just suppose he comes here by any chance?" She turned laughingly to her husband. "I won't let you sit up in the billiard-room to-night, Tony, I shall be far too frightened to be in my room alone."

But for once in his life Sir Anthony took no heed of his wife's light chatter; he was looking straight across the room at Colonel Grimwood. Did he also remember those pattering footsteps, the baronet asked himself, and the dog who had moaned like a man? If he did, Julian Grimwood had no sign; he was looking down at his varnished boots. Sir Anthony decided to do the same, he believed in the discretion of silence, notably under certain circumstances.

Miss Jean let her crochet fall to the ground and crossed over to her sister. The prison knocking at their drawing-room door? Such a thing had never entered their calm, well-ordered lives; such doings are not in Belgravia. Miss Grizel gave an audible snuff.

"You'd better sit down, Jean," she said coldly; "this is no business of ours."

Meantime John Heron had taken Beatrice's hand in his; he held her fingers tightly, and, holding them, turned to the servant.

"Show the warder here; if you will all excuse his presence?"

Miss Grizel gave a stiff, jerky nod, and Lady Cary an eager affirmative. Beatrice wondered why her lover's hand was so cold, and his face, why it looked to be cut out of stone.

After the pause of a few seconds the drawing-room door was flung open and a tall, soldierly-looking man entered. He wore a dark uniform and carried a short rifle. He saluted and brought his heels together with a click. He looked a strange apparition, and one altogether out of place with the room and the hour.

His glance, keen and vigilant, swept over the faces towards him, resting on John Heron. The latter spoke.

"Your business, warder?"

"Sorry to intrude, sir." The man had a clear, well-trained voice, crisp, strong, and cold. "Hope I don't alarm the ladies?" he looked with some admiration at Lady Cary, who was staring at him, and who now laughed merrily, shaking her head.

"No, no," interrupted Heron impatiently, "no one here is alarmed by your coming, only what have you come about?" His grasp tightened on Beatrice's hand and the girl was puzzled by his display of emotion.

"A convict escaped from Princetown, sir, last night. We warders have been after him all day, but we haven't caught him yet. Men are out watching every road and station, so he won't get much chance; but till he's caught we have had orders to warn any householders on the moor that they may expect a visit from him." The warder's mouth curved into a hard smile as he noticed the start Miss Jean gave. "He broke into Bolton's Farm about dawn this morning, sir, as it was, and there he left his own clothes and borrowed a few garments; he had a bit of a meal, too."

"What's the man like?" interrupted Colonel Grimwood sharply; "old or young, chaps?" "Getting on for sixty, Colonel. Looks as if you could knock him down with your bare hand, but he's got the strength of ten devils when he's roused, that he has. I think he's a bit touched here," and the warder tapped his forehead.

"I made so bold as to try to see you myself, sir," he turned again to John Heron, "because I heard that you and the young lady," his bow to Beatrice was wasted, she was staring so intently at Heron, "were out riding this afternoon by Deadman's Wood way, and from information received they have an idea at headquarters that our man might be lurking there; so I didn't come myself, sir, but I suppose, sir?—Thin and tall; he'd be wearing a cloak, too, a cloak much too big for him?"

"Why," began Beatrice, but John Heron gave her fingers such a quick, sharp pinch that she felt constrained to keep silent till he had spoken.

"We met no one during the ride." John Heron spoke his lie out boldly, trusting to the woman not to betray him in the midst of her bewilderment and horror Beatrice noticed that he tried his best to take the lie on his own shoulders.

"Thank you, sir; I didn't think it were likely. Mad Denzil, for that's the one who has broken loose, would be a poor fool to show himself by day. Night's the time for birds of his feather—night, for a man is what such a fellow is."

"Do you mean to say Philip Denzil has escaped?" exclaimed Julian Grimwood; "the wretched chap who built this very house, and with other people's money?"

"Yes, sir, Philip Denzil right enough, No. 170, as he is now. He'll be a difficult one to catch, for he was the moor so well, bred on it, as you might say."

"Warder," Feodora Cary felt compelled to speak, "I hope you won't catch the poor thing; I shall do my best to hide him if I see him; it seems dreadful to hunt a human being down so."

"My dear," interrupted her husband, "you should mind your own business."

"Oh, be quiet, Tony," she replied, with a little stamp of her foot, and then again addressed the warder; "but where can he be?" she asked. "I don't see where he can hide."

"He's hiding in a burrow, ma'am, most likely, and somewhere on the moor; he'd be safe there, for we can't get at it forage for food. That's how we shall get him, when he comes out to hunt for food."

The warder smiled with calm self-satisfaction, and then once more addressed John Heron, "You'll let us know, sir, if he's seen round here by any chance, and you'll pardon my intrusion, if I'm right, ladies; good night, gentlemen, he saluted, made the same click with his heels as when he had entered, and then departed, closing the door carefully behind him.

"A moment, warder," cried Heron, dropping Beatrice's hand and hastening out after him.

The little group, left alone in the drawing-room, looked at each other in some consternation. There was something tragic in the thought that the man who had built the house they were stopping in was now roaming the moor outside, hunted down like a beast, exposed to the fury of man and the elements.

He had chosen the costly curtains, the soft carpet, the velvet chairs they sat in. Yes, he had enjoyed all these comforts once, and now—now he was Convict 170, bereft, despoiled, hunted.

"Listen to the wind," cried Lady Cary, "and that horrible pelting rain, and think of that wretched old man exposed to its full fury on the moor, and after all, he wasn't half so bad as a great many successful swindlers we know—only he got found out, which makes all the difference."

"That's it—he got found out," repeated Colonel Grimwood softly, "and the fools always have to pay full penalty; but I'm sorry for him, poor beggar, I'm sorry for him."

"So you saw no one during your ride who would have answered to the description, Beatrice?" he asked. Miss Grizel, looking at quietly with her reproach work. She hardly expected her niece to reply, but Beatrice took the question as a challenge.

Aunt Grizel suspected that John Heron had lied—Aunt Grizel should have her suspicions diverted.

If Beatrice was famed for one thing it was her love of truth, and her aunt would needs believe her.

"John told you we met nobody," Aunt Grizel, she replied in clear ringing tones, "when he answered the warder's questions, and I can only repeat what he said."

Then she looked up at the sound of the opening door and went from white to red, and from red to white, for John Heron stood in the doorway listening. He had heard her confirm his lie! A spirit of wild, passionate resentment awoke in her; she felt for a second that she hated this man. What was the secret of his strange power over her? How was he able to break in and tame her will, and to subdue her so utterly to himself. She looked him full in the face, trying to show the indignation she felt. Then she said a hurried good-night to all in the room, pleading fatigue.

"Won't you talk to me for a moment?" murmured her lover, as he held back the door for her to pass out, and something in his eyes pleaded for compassion and merciful judgment.

"No," she muttered fiercely, "but to-night, I want to be alone—I want to think."

CHAPTER V.

A Confession of Love.

Miss Grizel Chevenix was startled in her bedroom an hour later by the unexpected entrance of her niece. It was years since the brilliant Beatrice had sought counsel in any way of her aunt, so the stiff spinster had some reason to be surprised.

They made a strange contrast, aunt and niece; as they stood facing each other in the flickering light of the wind-blown candles. Beatrice, superb and radiant in the warm flush of ripe youth, her white silk dressing-gown allowing the curves of her figure to be seen to full advantage, her hair falling in rich ripples down her back; Miss Grizel standing up, prim and angular, her grey hair drawn tightly off her forehead and fastened in a hard knot at the back of her neck. Yet, for all the dissimilarity existing between them, there was a fine flash in Miss Grizel's eye that corresponded to a look in her niece's, and they both had determined chins and firm mouths.

"Are you surprised to see me, Aunt Grizel?" Beatrice crossed over to the white hearth and threw herself down in front of the fire, the light from the flames flickering caressingly over her.

The thin woman turned and looked at her. "Nothing you ever do surprises me, Beatrice," she said, in her cold, repressed voice. Yet she felt a passionate tenderness for her beautiful young niece surge up in her heart, and a great longing to know what had brought Beatrice to her room at once possessed her.

"I came—why did I come?" Beatrice glanced meditatively into the fire. "Because we are of the same blood, you and I, Aunt Grizel, and I want—oh, you don't know how badly—some comfort and support to-night. I'm not happy." Here she dropped her proud head and the tears fell.

Miss Grizel came up and put her thin, bony hand on the bowed form, her old eyes were raised to the ceiling, as though seeking help, and for once her firm lips faltered, her self-confidence faded.

"I wish your mother was alive, little Trix," she said softly. "I'm afraid I shall not be much help to you, till I tell me what the trouble is. Is it about John Heron?"

"Perhaps," Beatrice bent her brows; "yes," she added firmly, "my trouble is about John Heron. I don't want to marry him, and yet I love him—oh, how I love him. My pride and my love, Aunt Grizel, which is the stronger? Oh! the worst of it is," she added with conviction, "that I know I should hate him after he had been married a few months. I should dislike the feeling that I had thrown myself away on a social outsider—I, who could have made the most brilliant marriage of my day. I'm a hateful sort of person, am I not, a real snob—but he's the low the man he stands. If I don't marry John Heron I shall break his heart, and if I do marry him I shall spoil my life. She ended her speech abruptly, swaying her body backwards and forwards, clapping her arms round her knees.

"So you love the man, niece, and your engagement was not the mere mad jest I always thought it." There was a queer quiver in the voice, and a suspicious tremble; something began to stir and start under the withered breast.

"Yes, I love him! Strange, isn't it, Aunt Grizel? I never believed in love outside the dictionary. I thought myself incapable of affection—for any man, and now, well, I'm as foolish as a love-sick milkmaid!" Beatrice laughed bitterly—"and I'm as stupidly romantic, too! And the worst of it is," she added with conviction, "that I know I should hate him after he had been married a few months. I should dislike the feeling that I had thrown myself away on a social outsider—I, who could have made the most brilliant marriage of my day. I'm a hateful sort of person, am I not, a real snob—but he's the low the man he stands. If I don't marry John Heron I shall break his heart, and if I do marry him I shall spoil my life. She ended her speech abruptly, swaying her body backwards and forwards, clapping her arms round her knees.

Miss Grizel moved away to the window. She looked almost grotesque in her mauve flannel dressing-gown; it seemed almost impossible that she could ever have been young. She pulled aside the blind and looked out upon the night, as though seeking counsel. The storm was beginning to die down, a wonderfully bright star pierced the sky like a jewel, and the wind was sobbing itself to sleep among the tree-tops.

Some vague remorse for all she had missed out of life came over the woman as she stood there, longings stirred in her heart, awakened by her niece's cry of passion, and Grizel Chevenix, whose

lips no lover had ever kissed, turned on the girl with a sharp, bitter cry.

"Why do you come to me—to me?" she asked, fiercely. "What do I know of love and its needs and claims? I've missed it—just it for ever!"

"And you regret?" Beatrice turned and looked at her aunt; the latter was shivering with nervous excitement and wrought up to a high pitch of emotion.

"Regret—yes, I do regret, now that it is too late." Miss Grizel turned as she spoke and looked at herself steadily in the looking-glass on her dressing-table. "See what I have become," she said in a strained, high voice, "a terrible caricature of you, Beatrice. Look at my shrunk and withered neck, my lined forehead, my wisps of hair—yet I was beautiful once; and I sacrificed my youth to your father, child, as absolutely as you would sacrifice yours to your pride, and my reward—look at me. I'm old, unlovable, austere, a crabbed tree, barren of fruit. No one will be very sorry when I die; it's only women with husbands and children who are really mourned, for they have planted their roots in life." She stopped speaking and shut her eyes, but she was once more Miss Grizel Chevenix.

Beatrice gave a little shudder, and a look of profound pity came over her face. "Dear Aunt Grizel," she whispered softly, "I never suspected—I never guessed; forgive me, but I always thought you cold."

"So I am," retorted the other woman, "but there was a day"—here she paused and went on slowly—"Why do you come to me for advice, Beatrice, to a woman like me? Don't you understand that I know nothing of this love you are ready to give up for your pride's sake, so how can I tell you if pride is worth such sacrifice?"

Beatrice rose to her full height and surveyed her aunt steadily. "But tell me one thing"—she asked—"has life contented you?"

Miss Grizel shook her head.

"When I am with John," Beatrice went on softly, "I seem to forget what I am by myself. Everything looks different, too. I lose the taste for position and riches; I cease to say sharp things, but when I am alone I become hard and worldly again. Also I am disappointed in John, for, in one thing at least, he has failed me. Well, good-night, Aunt Grizel, things will work themselves out some day or other, such sacrifice."

"Why," asked the elder woman, "do you tell me that John Heron has failed you? He seems to me a very perfect gentleman, though, I grant you, an unworthy match as far as rank and money go."

"He has failed me all the same," answered the girl, slowly, "and yet, strange as it seems, I love him every bit as much, and though even he had committed every crime under the sun," she laughed rather bitterly, "Of course, I shall never marry him; greed and pride will win in the end, but love is playing hard for my heart to-night—only, after all, I am Beatrice Chevenix." She walked to the door, and then turned, with her hand on the knob, and looked at Miss Grizel with moist eyes. "I wonder if you understand how much you have given up for him? She asked tenderly; "if not, it does seem hard."

"He doesn't understand, he doesn't even guess," replied the lean woman, wringing her dressing-gown more closely round her. "He never really understood either myself or Jean; we fancied he did, and we were wrong, and now he has got a little tired of us—not that it matters." Her voice broke huskily; "it is something to be a great man's sister. Now go, child, it is late for you to be up—and God bless you."

Beatrice Chevenix shut the door gently, and then softly down the stairs. She thought of the tragedy of her aunt's wasted lives, and the pity of it made her eyes moist. For long years these two grey women had devoted themselves to their father, and now old age had come upon them, and he had never realised nor appreciated their sacrifice.

The girl gave a short, impatient sigh; it did seem hard. Then she caught the sound of footsteps, slow, stealthy footsteps, crossing the hall below.

Who could be astray at this late hour? All the inmates, as far as she knew, had gone to their rooms. She had heard the men trooping up from the billiard-room at least half an hour ago; also how cautiously the handle of the study door was being turned. Whoever was about was acting like a thief in the night, and feared to disturb the sleeping house. An odd spirit of adventure seized the girl; the old daring recklessness of the Chevenix blood possessed her. She ran fleetly down the dark staircase, and then halted a moment to listen in the hall.

Yes, someone was moving in the library; she could hear the creak of the shutter being moved softly back, and she remembered that the window opened on the garden. Without pausing to consider the danger, or her own action, she entered the room, then started back with a faint cry. The room was in semi-darkness, but she instantly recognised in the light of the lamp that he carried the man who turned and faced her.

To be continued to-morrow.

Fels-Naptha

Kills fleas on the dog; you can comb them out.

Takes-away dog smell; cleans and smooths his skin. The dog likes it.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha, 39 Wilson street London E.C.

THE BLACKFRIARS WARSHIP.

"Mirror" Representative Boards H.M.S. Buzzard from Temple Steps.

The Buzzard, one of his Majesty's sloops, riding at anchor in the Thames between Blackfriars and the Temple Pier, is no longer the ship of mystery she was. From a mere hulk towed from Chatham to the present anchorage by three powerful tugs, in the hands of the Chatham riggers, she has emerged a fully-rigged sloop, the admired of all beholders.

Especially loved is she of City office boys, who in their thousands have spent every available minute of their dinner hour on the Embankment, and not a few of their employers', during the past month in critically surveying her.

The office boy, however, is of a very inquisitive turn of mind. The mere fact that the interior of the Buzzard does not come within the range of his prying eye makes him all the keener to get aboard her.

"What have they brought her here for if the public aren't going to be allowed aboard," queried one of a dozen boys who on Saturday afternoon stood on the steps of the Temple Pier and hailed a Surrey boatman across the river.

"She's just the kind of craft to get up shallow rivers in China and capture forts," another of the lads replied; and, with a show of superlative knowledge, added, "There's more to be seen on the port side."

Joy of the "Penny Strugglers."

The Buzzard's steam cutter or pinnace, swinging in the davits, is just discernible from the Temple steps, and when the Surrey watermen came within ear's length from the landing stage the lads began to bargain with him for the hire of his boat to row round H.M.S. Buzzard and back again.

"No penny struggles to-day, my lads! Monday I don't mind, Tuesday to Friday you have it for what you can pay, but to-day you are millionaires, and it's twopenny."

They succumbed to the temptation.

"My business was to board the vessel if possible," writes our representative, "and having waited on the pier steps for another boat to carry

me alongside the sloop I ventured to climb up the vessel's side. There was just the chance of being unceremoniously flung into the river, and the only excuse I had to offer for boarding her without an invitation was the widespread interest the mysterious vessel had awakened in the thousands of people who have daily watched her emerge, as it were, from the chrysalis to the perfect butterfly.

"The acting commander of the ship I learnt was asleep or resting in his cabin, and I preferred that he should not be disturbed, so without more ado I

her boilers and engines, dismantle her masts and yards, convert the space occupied by the machinery into a drill deck, and repaint and fit it up with a gymnasium and armoury.

"This has been accomplished, and now, as will be seen in the accompanying section of the vessel, there is a spacious drill hall 80ft. long, between decks in the middle of the ship. The total length of the Buzzard is 140ft. In the gymnasium there are leaping horses and parallel bars; and round the drill hall are ranged sixty or more of the latest rifles, a few cutlasses, and other seamen's weapons. Her boats comprise a ten-oared cutter, a steam cutter or pinnace, two whalers, one dinghy, and a six-oared skiff.

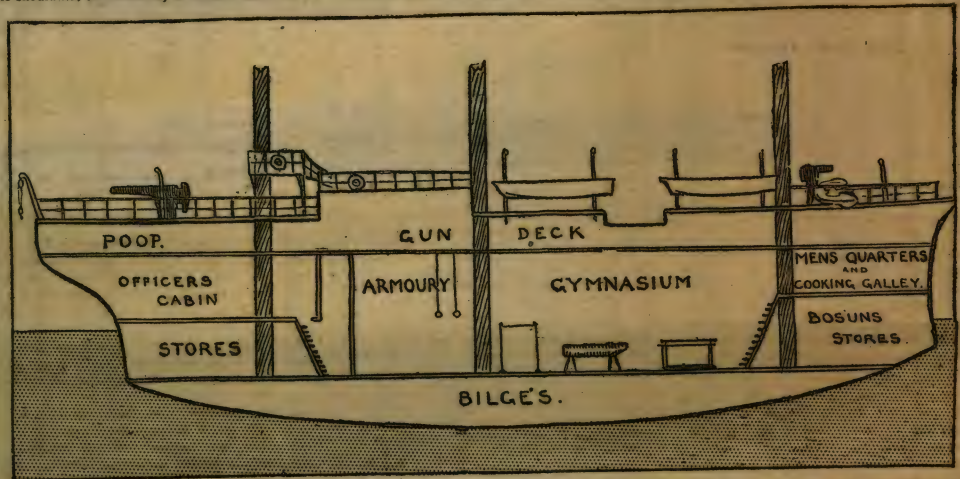
"On deck there are seven guns—one 6in., one 5in.,

vessel is built of wood, with copper at bottom. She is fitted with four extra bilge keels. She draws 16ft. 7in.

"Now her engines and machinery are taken out a special cable is laid from shore to light her with electricity. In July she will fly the blue ensign, the flag of the R.N.R., and not the white ensign, the flag of the Navy proper.

"One incident happened when on the vessel. The captain in temporary command came forward and asked who brought me aboard. He was very wroth and inflicted a punishment, as is the way with Navy men, by passing sentence when I asked to be returned to shore.

"No, you came for your own pleasure, and you will go away at mine."



A sectional view of the Buzzard, showing how she is fitted up for the accommodation of her crew of naval volunteers.

began to gather information of what has been done aboard during the past five months.

"To elaborate the story of the Buzzard, it should be stated that she was built at Sheerness sixteen years ago. Her last commission was in the West India, and two years ago she returned to Chatham. Five months ago the riggers got orders to take out

four 12-pounders, and the maxim—303. The blank ammunition board for drill consists of one 6-in. Lyddite shell, one armour-piercing 6-in., one mild steel common 5-in., and shrapnel shells for the 12-pounders.

"The rudder is on the deck of the vessel, as if in the water she would sink in the tide. The

"I wondered whether he intended to keep me on board and hang me up from the yards as a scare crow to keep other journalists ashore till hostilities commenced on July 2, and had begun to ruminate over my imprisonment and how to escape, but I remembered the office boys' boat, and so gained the shore."

JUNE'S BRILLIANT START.

Londoners Revel in Warm Sunshine Up the River.

Full advantage was taken of the brilliant weather by Londoners this last week-end to snatch a few hours of fresh air and sunshine up the river, in the country, or at the seaside.

Everybody felt convinced that the summer had really come to stay, and that it was safe to venture out in flannels and panamas. The weather remained consistently fine the whole time.

There was a general exodus on Saturday afternoon. The railway stations were besieged by gay holiday-makers eager to get away to the fields or seashore, and on the high roads there was an endless procession of motor-cars and cyclists making tracks for the open country.

Up the river boatmen and owners of launches experienced the busiest week-end so far this season. Yesterday the Thames from Richmond to Walton was crowded with skiffs and punts, and by mid-day it was impossible to hire a boat of any description—they had all been let.

There was the usual crowd of loungers at Molesey Lock yesterday afternoon watching the exertions of the lock-keeper and the troubles of inexperienced boatmen, and the usual rush about five for the ridiculously few tearooms.

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES.

MY own beautiful darling. Oh! how I love you and do so long to be with you again. Cannot bear to think of the long parting, but we must face it bravely. It will make no difference to our devotion to each other, little woman.—Yours always.

In the agony column of a contemporary the above passionately-worded message has appeared once a week for several weeks past. Sometimes the message is couched in slightly different terms, but the longing and devotion expressed are the same. What lies behind it? Friday is the Eastern mail day. Is it a message to some absent one the other side of the world?

Is it a communication between two lovers parted by untoward circumstances; or is it some sordid message fraught with meaning; the preparations for some crime against law and society?

Be it what it may, Friday is the Eastern mail day. Is it a message to some absent one the other side of the world?

Passengers in Cannon-street were startled on Saturday to see the clothes of a clerk suddenly burst into flames. The fire, which was quickly extinguished, was caused by the explosion of a box of matches in his pocket.

HONOUR THE BRAVE.

Memorial Tablet Unveiled to H.A.C. War Heroes.

A picturesque ceremony yesterday was the unveiling at St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, of a memorial tablet on the north wall of the church to the members of the Honourable Artillery Company who died in action or of disease during the South African war.

The unveiling was performed by Major-General W. H. Mackinnon, C.V.O., C.B., in the presence of 300 men of the H.A.C., in full uniform, and a large number of veterans and ladies.

The names inscribed on the tablet are those of Lieutenant Bernard Moeller, Driver Henry Hudson Ward, Trumpeter Jack Southward Watney, and Private Donald Jordan Robbins, who were killed in action, and Driver Richard Hastings Tremearne and Private Russell Simmonds Hutchings, who died of disease.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Kensington, chaplain to the H.A.C., who also dedicated the tablet. During the ceremony selections of music were given by the band of the ancient regiment, and after an impressive chorus of "God Save the King" the troops, with band playing, marched through the City to their barracks.

Among the many veterans who attended the ceremony was Mr. W. H. Sullivan, who, before the late South African campaign, was the only member of the H.A.C. who had seen active service, having obtained special permission to serve with Buller's Light Horse in Zululand.

Three American visitors who attended unofficially were Mr. Morrell, of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston; Colonel M. A. Winter, and Mr. G. W. Faris, of Indiana, who had joined in the welcome given the H.A.C. on their late visit to America.

NEW RELIGION OF STARVATION.

"Two grains of wheat a day is sufficient to sustain life."

This is the basis of a new creed, originating in Chicago, which has for its prophet one Ottoman Lar Adulst Hanish, who has succeeded in converting many society ladies to his doctrine.

One lady, who literally followed Hanish's creed, and attempted to live on the prescribed two grains of wheat and water, has died of starvation.

Several of Hanish's converts who had given up their wealth and jewels to him are now bringing a criminal action against the "prophet," and evidence supporting the action is at present being laid before the Chicago Board of Health.

The chief benefit that Hanish claims for his creed is that any individual can regulate his life on this earth so as to reach the age of a patriarch.

CABMEN AS CHAUFFEURS.

New Motor "Four-wheelers" for Londoners.

"Mr. Cozens-Hardy, a son of the eminent judge, is about to float a company for the purpose of putting motor-cabs on the London streets." So said an old cab-driver to a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

"The first output," he went on, "is to be one hundred and fifty cabs of the ordinary motor-cab shape. They are to cost £250 each, and to run fifty miles on one charge."

"Mr. Michaels, the president of our union, hearing of this scheme, and realising that the cab trade, in its present form, is dying a lingering death, approached Mr. Cozens-Hardy, and managed to secure an agreement with him that only members of the union should be employed to drive these cabs."

"The terms of hire are to be based on the 12s. 3d. a day average of the Asquith award."

This settled, Mr. Michaels turned his attention to the training of his men for their new trade.

"He is starting a 'school' at the headquarters in Gerrard-street. An efficient chauffeur is to be stationed there with a motor-cab. He will teach members of the union how to handle their new steed."

"He claims to be able to instil the necessary knowledge in the short space of two hours. Two thousand of us will soon be able to drive these cabs."

CABMEN'S UNION RECORD MEMBERSHIP.

The struggle between cabmen and their employers seems likely to be a prolonged one.

On Saturday strike pay was distributed to 2,500 odd locked-out drivers at the rate of 15s. a week.

The membership of the union is going up by leaps and bounds. Since the strike began it has gone from 3,000 to well over 5,000, and Mr. Michaels states that in another ten days it will be up to 8,000. "In which case," he said, "there will be funds sufficient to carry on the war for a considerable period."

"Since Friday owners of about 200 cabs have accepted our terms, and I think the rest will follow in time."

But Mr. Mills, the secretary of the Proprietors' Federation, stated to a *Mirror* representative that in another week the men will begin to feel the pinch. "Then," he said, "there is likely to be a change in their views."

The curious sight of a road on fire was seen at Walkden, where the road repairers' tar tank boiled over, and the contents caught fire and ran all over the roadway.

VOLUNTEER EFFICIENCY.

Sir Howard Vincent on the Com- mission's Report.

"The Volunteer force owes its origin and its continuance mainly to the energy and goodwill of its officers and men, and the fact that it does not attain to the standard imposed by war conditions is in no way attributable to them."

"That is the opinion deliberately expressed in the report of the Commission," said Sir Howard Vincent to a *Mirror* representative, who questioned him on the subject of the threatened reduction in the numbers of the Volunteers.

"I am afraid that the real value of the report has been overlooked, owing to the stupid conscription recommendations. In the face of such a report it is idle to blame the Volunteers themselves for any inefficiency that may exist. Its reason lies in the lack of encouragement given by the authorities."

"Of course, there may be a corps here and there that needs 'bucking-up.'"

TON OF COAL FOR TWO SHILLINGS.

A ton of coals, a pearl necklace, or a bottle of champagne can be had for 2s. this week at Prince's Rink, Knightsbridge, when the great bazaar takes place in aid of the Hospital of St. John and Elizabeth.

There will be many other useful and alluring articles to be obtained for the same modest sum; boxes of soap, real lace, pocket-handkerchiefs, chocolates, cigars and cigarettes, and a hundred and one other things.

Each article will bear a number, and you will go up to the stall, put two shillings into one bag, and take a ticket out of another. The number on your ticket will correspond to something on the stall, and if you do not win the necklace or the coals, you will at least have something very delightful, and help a most deserving charity.

The Duchess of Cornwall opens the bazaar on Wednesday and the Duchess of Norfolk on Thursday.

BABY WITH A TAIL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Friday.
The police of Tagi-Dair, in the Crimea, have just intervened to stop the exhibition of a newly-born male child, the offspring of a Muslim tobacco-planter and a Russian girl. The baby, which was born on May 15, has a distinctly-developed tail, with three joints, and in several other respects departs from the normal human type.

The mother, being destitute, sold her baby to a showman, who attracted large crowds by exhibiting it.

SATURDAY'S SPORTS.

South London Harriers Defeat the Racing Club de France at Stamford Bridge.

JUPP TIES THE 200 YARDS' RECORD.

A most interesting meeting was held at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, when the South London Harriers and the Racing Club de France combined their forces in handicaps, and opposed each other in level events. The result of the match proper, which was decided on the level events, was a win for the South London club by six events to one. Never before had they gained so hollow a victory. When the first meeting took place, at the Crystal Palace in 1892, they won by five events to two; and at the second meeting (in Paris last year) they won by four events to three. The chief features of Saturday's races will be found below.

In the 100 yards race E. H. Cluise (S.L.H.) beat H. Tinsler (France) by a foot in 10.45sec. The half-mile level race went to the Surrey champion, E. H. Montague, by 10 yds. from M. Soallhat, in 2min. 0.45sec.

A Shrub (S.L.H.), the English mile champion, won the mile, beating his clubfellow P. A. Casserley by 100 yds. in 4min. 55sec. L. de Fleurance (France), the mile champion of his country, did not finish. He could not stay at the pace which Shrub set—viz., a minute for the first quarter and the half-distance in 2min. 0.45sec.

H. P. Phillips (S.L.H.), the Welsh champion, won the 120 yards hurdle in 1.50sec., by a yard from M. Rachen (France). The winner took the last hurdle level with the French champion and record-holder, A. Klingelhoefer, when the latter tripped and fell.

J. B. Densham (S.L.H.) beat the French champion, Bellu du Coteau, by two yards in the level quarter-mile, after a grand race. Densham was in front 40 yds. from home, but Densham finished strongly, and won as stated in 53.55sec.

The most exciting race of the day was seen in the 1,000 yards steeplechase, in which the Frenchmen gained their only victory. F. J. Spencer (S.L.H.) and M. Soallhat changed places in the last lap, and after getting over the last hurdle, Spencer was leading. Then Soallhat put on a determined spurt, and he eventually won by 10 yds. in 2min. 44.25sec.

The three miles race was easily won for the S.L.H. by A. Shrub. He covered his first mile in 4min. 41.55sec., two miles in 9min. 44.55sec., and three miles in 14min. 42.55sec. J. Versel (France) finished second in 15min. 50.55sec.

Thus the South London Harriers proved successful by six events to one.

There was one level invitation race—distance 200 yards. It was won by the sprint champion of Surrey, G. J. Jones (L.A.C.), by 2 yds. from L. F. Tremere (L.A.C.) in 19.45sec. This ties the amateur record, conjointly held by E. H. Pelling, A. R. Dwyer, and J. Jones, respectively accomplished in 1889, 1895, and 1896. Considering that Tremere had hurried over from Paddington, where he had won the inter-Polytechnic sprint, he did exceedingly well.

Two "open handicaps" were also decided. They resulted thus—100 yards: H. Courlander (S.L.H.), 2 yds. start; J. R. Lemoine (Racing Club de France), 5 yds.; 2. E. E. Parkhurst (Hemel Hempstead), 8 yds.; 3. Won by half a yard. Time, 1.50sec. Half-mile handicap: C. G. Turner (Grafton A.C.), 2 yds. start; 1. H. E. M. Martin (S.L.H.), 65; 2. J. F. Lintott (Ranelagh H.), 62; 3. Won by 4 yds. Time, 4.45sec.

A photograph of the finish of the steeplechase appears on page 9.

POLYTECHNIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Since 1899 the Regent-street Institute has held the challenge shield presented by Sir Owen Roberts for the inter-Polytechnic championship. Their long sequence of success, however, was broken on Saturday at Paddington, when St. George's Institute wrested honours from them with a total of 39 points to their predecessors' 29 points.

Northampton Institute came third with 25 points. In the 100 yards sprint Regent-street had a grand representative in L. F. Tremere, who won in fine style. A. L. Reed secured both the mile and half-mile events for the Regent-street club, and A. E. Willis, who ran him close each time, won the one lap event. T. F. Cox, Northampton Institute, had a comparatively easy task in the 120 yards hurdle race, and A. Sheehan, of St. George's, was first in both the high and long jumps. W. Delaney, Northampton Institute, won the mile event. G. Pearce, of St. George's, won the three miles race, leading from start to finish.

The mile cycle handicap went to S. Janson, from the 120 mark, and the 800 yards handicap to G. W. Ivory, Northampton Institute, who received 80 yards start.

HERSHAM A.C. SPORTS.

Four open events were included in the programme put forward at the seventeenth annual sports of the Hershams A.C. The mile was won by C. W. Day, Woking, and Hurrell A.C., 1890s, start; 1. H. E. M. Martin (S.L.H.), 65; 2. J. F. Lintott (Ranelagh H.), 62; 3. Won by 4 yds. Time, 4.45sec.

The 100 yards: H. E. M. Martin (S.L.H.), 65; 2. J. F. Lintott (Ranelagh H.), 62; 3. Won by 4 yds. Time, 4.45sec.

An old Oxford Blue, R. V. Somers-Smith (winner of the quarter-mile in the Varsity sports of 1870 and half-mile champion of 1869 and 1870), was competing in the veterans' race. He finished second to F. Wellings, who was conceding him 17 yds. start.

GOOD CRICKET BALL THROW.

At the London and North-Western Railway sports at Wembley on Saturday, P. G. Skilton, despite a penalty of 10 yds., won the throwing the cricket ball competition with a capital throw of 113 yds.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Brückshaw, who acts jointly with Mr. Gilbert in the management of Mr. Masket's horses, asks us to contradict the published statement that Henry the First was cast in his box on the eve of the Epsom Derby.

In consequence of the large number of entries for the open golf championship—no more than 150 having been received by Saturday morning—it has been found necessary to extend the meeting to three days. A round each will be played on Wednesday and Thursday, and the last two rounds on Friday.

The "Sir Vincent Kennett-Barrington" honorary member's 50 yards handicap of the Serpentine Swimming Club, was decided in the Serpentine on Saturday. The result was: M. Muller, 16sec. start; 1. A. Rowley, 20sec.; 2. J. Deuty, 25sec.; 3. W. W. Woodford, 30sec.; 4. You by a foot; half a yard between second and third.

At a representative meeting of the Professional Golfers' Association, held at Ramoth, on Saturday night, the proposal to penalise certain leading players in the association's tournaments was rejected, consequently there will be no handicaps in the association's sports. It was stated that the match between cricket-puffers and golfing-cricketers would take place at Lord's, on Wednesday, August 31.

INTERNATIONAL GOLF.

The Match Between English and Scottish Professionals Ends in a Tie.

The second annual golf match, between English and Scottish professionals, which was played at Sandwich on Saturday, proved to be even more exciting than was the first, in which, at Prestwick, last June, Scotland beat England by 1 point, or a majority of 9 matches to 8.

On Saturday Scotland obtained a lead of two matches in the singles, but lost their advantage in the foursomes, and with only one match to come in stood 1 down. The last Scottish couple—Andrew Kirkaldy and Ben Sayers—however, proved equal to the task of averting a defeat for the Scotch side, and fell to the English and James Braid the Scottish team. Both played splendidly, and at the end of the round neither could claim the advantage.

Vardon was 1 up at the 10th hole, but lost his advantage at the next, and the last 7 holes being halved the match ended all square. Scores:—

Vardon: Out, 35; home, 37—total, 72.

Braid: Out, 35; home, 38—total, 73.

In the foursomes Harry Vardon and Gray opposed Braid and Smith. The Scottish couple took the lead at the 2nd, where Gray missed a rather short put for a half. Vardon, after a grand 2nd, missed a 5 ft. put to square at the 4th, but after a succession of 4 halved holes, the match was squared at the 8th, where Gray holed a 4 ft. put, and Smith missed one of a foot. Gray, playing a grand second to the 9th, enabled the English pair to turn 1 up.

Smith failed to negotiate a half stymie, and the English couple increased their lead at the 10th. A pulled drive, by Vardon, cost his side the next hole, and he threw away the 12th by missing a yard put. The Scotsmen then led at the 13th where Vardon and Gray were bunkered, but the match was once more squared at the 14th, where Smith missed a foot put. A fine shot out of the rough, by Smith, and a 6 yds. yard put, by Braid, enabled them to win the 17th, and become dormy 1. The last hole being halved, the Scottish couple won the match by a hole. The scores were:—

Braid and Smith: Out, 40; home, 41—total, 81.

Vardon and Gray: Out, 39; home, 43—total, 82.

Details:—

ENGLAND.	Mtchs.	SCOTLAND.	Mtchs.
H. Vardon, South Herts.	0	J. Braid, Walton Heath	0
I. H. Taylor, Mid-Surrey	0	A. Herd, Huddersfield	0
I. Vardon, Sandwich	0	W. Park, Humbercombe	1
E. Ray, Scarborough	0	I. White, Sunningdale	1
H. A. Toogood, W. Essex	1	J. Kinell, Purley Downs	0
P. Ince, Wigan	0	B. Sayers, N. Berwick	1
J. Sherlock, Oxford	0	A. Kirkaldy, St. Andrews	1
F. Collins, Llandudno	0	R. Thomson, Romford	1
G. Renouf, Wigan	0	G. Colville, Portmarnock	0
G. Pultford, Hoylake	1	A. Simpson, Aberdeen	0
T. Williamson, Notts	1	W. Fernie, Iron	0
E. Gray, Litchampton	0	C. R. Smith, W. Middle	1
Total	4	Total	6

ENGLAND.	Mtchs.	SCOTLAND.	Mtchs.
H. Vardon and Gray	0	Braid and Smith	0
I. Taylor and Williamson	1	Herd and Fernie	0
T. Vardon and Pultford	1	Park and Simpson	0
Ray and Renouf	1	White and Colburn	0
Toogood and Collins	1	Kinell and Thomson	0
Jones and Sherlock	0	Sayers and Kirkaldy	1
Total	4	Total	2

Grand totals: England, 8 matches; Scotland, 8 matches.

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The draw for the open golf championship, which takes place at Sandwich on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, has now been made. There are 144 entries—seven more than last year's previous best. Of that number eighteen are amateurs.

Mr. W. Travis, the amateur champion, is drawn with J. Randall, of Sandridge Park, and Mr. Edwards, of Woking, who was beaten by Mr. Travis in the final, is coupled with T. King, who is attached to the Royal West Norfolk Club.

Harry Vardon, the present open champion, and G. Duncan, of Carnarvon, are drawn together, and Tom Vardon, who was second to his brother last year, is coupled with Willie Fernie, of Troon.

PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT.

Two matches in the fifth round of the Parliamentary Handicap were decided on the links of the Prince's Club at Mitcham on Saturday. Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P. (handicap 7), met Mr. A. W. Soames, M.P. (12). The Prime Minister had to concede his opponent 4 strokes, and was ultimately defeated by 4 up and 3 to play. The second match was between the Hon. Alfred Lytton, M.P. (2), and Mr. J. Wilson, M.P. (Falkirk) (10). Mr. Wilson, who was conceding 8 strokes, was allowed which enabled him to win by the narrow margin of 2 and 1.

THE BAR TOURNAMENT.

In the final round of the Bar Golfing Society's tournament a close game was witnessed between Mr. L. Mossop (handicap 3), giving one stroke, and Mr. W. F. Whitstone (4), at Sunningdale on Saturday. Mr. Mossop won by 2 up and 1 to play.

INTERNATIONAL FENCING.

The tournament at the Crystal Palace held in connection with the Sports Exhibition was continued on Saturday, when the amateur epee or duelling sword competition was decided. The bouts, which were held in the grounds, were terminated by the first hit on any part of the body. Members of the rival international teams, the contest between which took place on Friday, had entered for the individual competition, and as will be seen by the result, annexed all the prizes.

E. F. Clay (England) fought well, and won his first pool, but succumbed in the next round. E. Seligman was the only Englishman who reached the final, but, although giving a fine exhibition of sound fencing, was unable to do more than tie for sixth place. J. J. Renaud, the renowned French swordsman, carried off the laurels in the final, and won a thoroughly deserved and popular victory.

F. Rom would have done considerably better had he not effected a coup double on three occasions, and raised the score against himself to 4. As Holzschuch's score was also 4, the two fought again for third place, the result resulting in the defeat of Rom. J. Stern (Belgium) passed through the semi-final stage without being touched, was beaten by Holzschuch, and Renaud shared the consolation prize with Rom.

At the finish it was found that three of the international team had been the first three places, and one of the Belgian team the fourth.

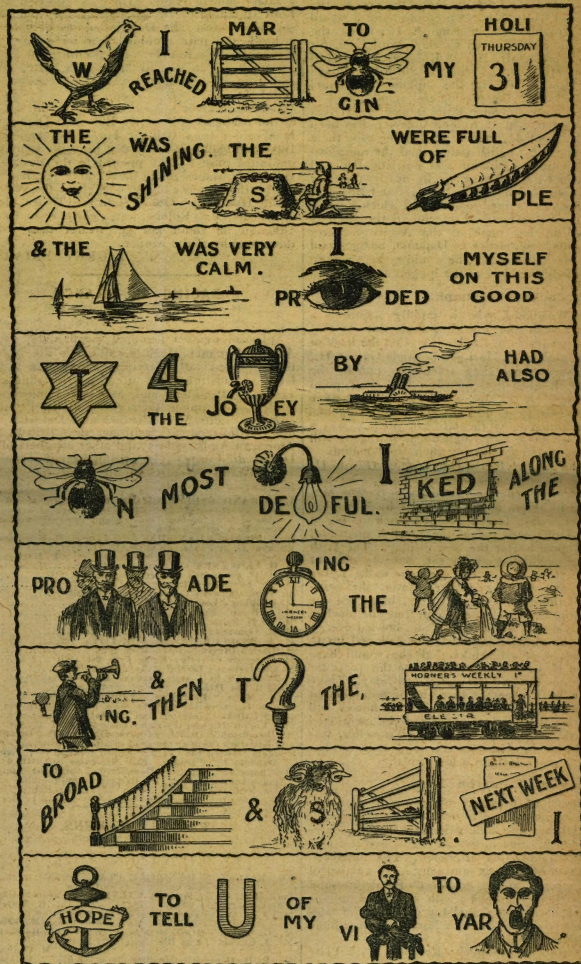
The score was as follows:—J. J. Renaud (France), unbeaten; 1. J. Stern (Belgium), received three hits; 2. J. Holzschuch (France), four hits; 3. F. Rom (Belgium), four hits; 4. L. Marlio (France), five hits; 5. E. Seligman (England), six hits; 6. G. Renard, six hits; 7. Captain Crockett (Belgium), six hits; 8.

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